

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,  
Volume XLIX. }

No. 2119.—January 31, 1885.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CLXIV.

## CONTENTS.

I. THE CENTENARY OF THE TIMES, . . . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> , . . . . .	259
II. A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF, . . . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , . . . . .	273
III. FROM SIBERIA TO SWITZERLAND. The Story of an Escape, . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . . . .	278
IV. THE PORTRAIT. A story of the Seen and the Unseen, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	292
V. THE COLONIAL MOVEMENT IN GERMANY, . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . . . .	310
VI. COCA AND COCAINE, . . . . .	<i>Lancet</i> , . . . . .	317
VII. THE JEWS IN CENTRAL ASIA, . . . . .	<i>Sunday at Home</i> , . . . . .	318

## POETRY.

A TRANSLATION FROM THE ROMAIC, . . . . .	258	SLEEP, . . . . .	258
ANNUS MIRABILIS, . . . . .	258		

MISCELLANY, . . . . .	320
-----------------------	-----

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the *LIVING AGE* will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of

LITTELL & CO.

Single Numbers of *THE LIVING AGE*, 18 cents.

## A TRANSLATION FROM THE ROMAIC.\*

[An episode in the Greek War of Independence. From the modern Greek in the original metre of Alexander Soutsos.]

CRADLED in the arms of slumber Athens lay at dead of night ;  
I alone my vigils keeping, watched the lamp's unsteady light  
Burning in my silent chamber with a dim and fitful flame,  
Till my senses slowly left me, and at last oblivion came.  
But in dreams the Sacred Legion I beheld before me stand ;  
Saw my brother, my Demetrius, chief of that heroic band.

Pale as death he seemed, my brother, while in stern, unfaltering mood  
Round him his undaunted Legion, closely gathered round him stood ;  
Chosen youths of Greece, in beauty as in bravery the first,  
Worthy sons of those who erst  
At Thermopylae contended 'neath Leonidas' command :  
Thus I saw him, my Demetrius, chief of that heroic band.

As I gazed, methought upon me he upturned his dimming eye,  
Recognized me and embraced me, saying, "Brother, I must die !"  
Then he bared his gleaming falchion and alone, but undismayed,  
Ran to charge the mounted myriads, trusting to his single blade.  
And the Legion charged behind him, by avenging fury fanned :  
Thus I saw him, my Demetrius, chief of that heroic band.

All the ridges of the hills were covered by the Ottoman hordes,  
All the valley swayed and quivered, bristling with unnumbered swords ;  
I could see them, see their myriads, filling every copse and hollow,  
And I heard a clarion voice that shouted, "Gallant comrades, follow,  
Follow me, and charge the foemen ; fear not steel nor blazing brand !"  
'Twas my brother, my Demetrius, chief of that heroic band.

And I saw him rush upon them, dealing death at every blow ;  
Saw him smite and saw him smitten, falling, rising, falling low.  
Then methought I ran to aid him, heard him say with faltering voice,  
"I am dying, dying early, yet I grieve not, nay, rejoice ;

\* The poet's brother, Demetrius Soutsos, was one of the four captains of the Sacred Legion who formed the vanguard of the army of Alexander Hyspilantis, and were annihilated in a forlorn hope at Dragatzán, at the outset of the insurrection.

In the glorious cause of Freedom I at least have raised my hand."  
Weltering in thy blood, Demetrius, thy familiar form I scanned.

Dragatzán ! in ancient ages scant renown was on thee shed,  
Now about thy meadows hover shadows of the mighty dead ;  
Boast henceforth : "I was a witness of the thrice illustrious fray ;  
In my vales the new Three Hundred, Spartans of a later day,  
Shed the last drop of their life-blood to redeem the fatherland,  
And I saw the young Demetrius, chief of that heroic band !"

Spectator. CHARLES L. GRAVES.

## ANNUS MIRABILIS.

DISTRUST, suspicion, mutual hate and fear,  
Wild cries of stormy petrels on the wave,  
Skies clouded o'er, that e'en the wise and brave  
Shrank, as in dread of great upheavings near :  
So was it with us, when there met the ear  
The words that came of old from prophet's lips,  
As mid the lurid light of dim eclipse,  
"Wail, wail the past ; a brighter dawn is near."\*  
So is it with us : see, in council met,  
Statesmen grown grey in internece strife ;  
And the work speeds apace, with none to let,  
And the strong nation breathes a nobler life :  
This is thy work, let those revile who list,  
Our king of men, our great protagonist.

E. H. P.  
Torquay, November 26th. Spectator.

\* *αἰλινον, αἰλινον εἰπε, χρ δ' ἐο νικάτω.*  
Esch., Agam.

## SLEEP.

THE mist crawls over the river,  
Hiding the shore on either side,  
And under the veiling mist forever,  
Neither hear we nor feel we the tide.

But our skiff has the will of the river,  
Though nothing is seen to be passed ;  
Though the mist may hide it forever, forever,  
The current is drawing us fast.

The matins sweet from the far-off town  
Fill the air with their beautiful dream,  
The vespers were hushing the twilight down  
When we lost our oars on the stream.

J. J. PIATT.

From The Nineteenth Century.  
THE CENTENARY OF THE TIMES.

FOUNDED on the 1st of January, 1785, the *Times* has reached the hundredth year of its existence. To survive to so great an age is as rare amongst newspapers as it is amongst human beings; still rarer is it, in both cases, for the hundredth anniversary to be attained without any trace or token of decrepitude and decay. There is but one London morning journal which, having lived for upwards of a century, continues brimful of life and vigor, which is even more lusty and energetic now than in earlier days, and bids fair to see succeeding centuries pass over its head. This is the *Morning Post*, which was founded in 1772 with the title of the *Morning Post and General Advertiser*. Other London morning journals, enjoying a boundless circulation and an unprecedented popularity, are comparatively young. The oldest amongst them is the *Morning Advertiser*, which is aged ninety; the youngest is the *Standard*, which is only twenty-eight. The *Daily News* has lived and exercised world-wide influence for thirty-nine years; the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Chronicle* for thirty.

Newspapers, like human beings, "have their day and cease to be," and in the cases of both, their disappearance seems often untimely and incomprehensible. Not many years ago the *Morning Herald* and the *Morning Chronicle* were, to all appearance, as popular and powerful as several of the contemporaries which have survived them; their conductors were enterprising and untiring in collecting news; the ablest pens of the day contributed to their columns; both journals appeared to be indispensable to a large section of the reading public, and both enjoyed the favor of many advertisers when they rapidly decayed and passed away. For many years the *Morning Star* twinkled brightly in the journalistic firmament, yet its light was suddenly quenched. Others, such as the *Representative* and the *Mirror*, the *Constitutional*, the *Day*, and the *Hour*, expired after a very short struggle for existence.

Though the first number of the *Times* was published on the 1st of January, 1785,

yet the journal was not called by its present name till the appearance of its nine hundred and fortieth number, on the 1st of January, 1788. It was then no unusual thing for an established newspaper to assume a new face. For instance, the *Public Advertiser*, to which "Junius" contributed, was first known as the *London Daily Post and General Advertiser*, next as the *General Advertiser*, and lastly by the title which is now familiar. The *Morning Post* has dropped half of its original designation. For the first three years of its existence, the *Times* was styled the *Daily Universal Register*. On the 24th of December, 1787, the following intimation was made to its readers: "Various reasons having occurred since the first publication of the *Universal Register* which render it essentially necessary to change the present title, we respectfully inform our readers that on the 1st of January next it will appear with an entire new set of features under the title of the *Times*." Thus, for the first title, which was "*The Daily Universal Register*, printed logographically, by his Majesty's patent," there was substituted the following: "*The Times, or Daily Universal Register*, printed logographically." The last numbers of the journal under its old title do not materially differ from the earlier ones under its new one, nor at the outset was there a marked superiority of the new journal over its contemporaries.

A journal in those days contained a little news, more or less authentic, several paragraphs of gossip, many bad verses, and a few advertisements. Leading articles were unknown. Letters to the editor filled their place. When those letters were written by such a person as "Junius" they were quite as serviceable and noteworthy as the leading articles which now contribute to form public opinion. But "Junius" owed much of his celebrity to the fact that he was an exception. Very few contemporary writers were endowed with his literary gifts. Now and then a really brilliant letter appeared; but the majority resembled the twaddle which may now be met with in country newspapers of very limited circulation. The theme of most letters was the downfall of

the nation; sometimes leading articles as well as letters are now written to prove that the nation is hastening rapidly to destruction, but the letter-writers of former days seemed to think of nothing else. They may have suited the taste of their contemporaries, for others besides Mrs. Dangle in "The Critic" must have thought it very entertaining to read "letters every day with Roman signatures, demonstrating the certainty of an invasion, and proving that the nation is utterly undone."

The letter-writers in the *Universal Register* were not brilliant; one of them, signing "Marcus Marcellus," was ready with "infallible remedies for the cure of all our grievances;" but even he did not meet with special notice or appreciation. Another, signing "Rusticus," intimates that he sends his letter because it had been rejected by the *Morning Chronicle*, which would now be considered a reason for not inserting it. However, the editor not only inserted it, but he expressed his readiness to have the thoughts of the writer again; adding, "But as long essays are seldom read, we recommend his thoughts to be conveyed in paragraphs." Now and then a paragraph is met with which might be inserted in the *Times* of to-day, such as "Masonry gains great ground in this country; nor can it be wondered at when the Prince of Wales gives it his patronage and countenance." The premature death of a rising physician caused general regret not long since; about a century ago the death of Dr. Walsh was chronicled in the *Universal Register*, this physician dying at the age of twenty-six from blood poisoning occasioned by the exercise of his profession. The record of deaths in that journal would now be perused with rational scepticism. In a single number the deaths of three persons are announced whose ages are said to be one hundred and two, one hundred and four, and one hundred and ten respectively, the oldest having cleverly succeeded in retaining his senses unimpaired to the last. When the *Times* was in its infancy the average number of centenarians departing this life was fifty annually. The authentic average at present is one, yet as many persons actually

live to one hundred years now as in by-gone days.

Mr. John Walter, the founder of the *Times*, was born in 1738. His father was a coal-buyer—that is, he bought coal at Newcastle on a large scale, brought it to London by sea, and disposed of it there. He died in 1755, leaving his son at the age of seventeen to make his way in the world. This son, in the course of ten years, became the chairman of the wealthy and influential body of coal-buyers who had built for themselves a Coal Exchange under his supervision. He married in 1771. Five years afterwards he became a member of Lloyd's, and carried on the avocation of underwriting. He rapidly accumulated money, and was on the high-road to fortune, when a fleet of merchantmen on which he had taken a large risk was captured by a French squadron. His loss amounted to 80,000*l.* He wrote and published a pamphlet setting forth his misfortunes. As they were not due to any fault of his own, he expected to receive either compensation in money or a place under government. Had not Lord North resigned in 1782, his application for a place would probably have been granted.

In that year Mr. Walter made the acquaintance of Henry Johnson, a compositor, who had made what he considered to be great improvements in the art of printing. Mr. Walter was impressed with these improvements; he contributed to complete them, and became, in concert with Johnson, a patentee of printing by means of "logotypes." In 1784 he took the premises then vacant in Printing House Square, where, in 1666, John Bill had founded and printed the *London Gazette*. The monastery of the Black Friars formerly occupied that site: the office of the *Times* now stands there. Mr. Walter labored hard and successfully to qualify himself for the business in which, as he wrote, he had embarked as a mere novice; hence "want of experience laid him open to many and gross impositions." However, he abounded in enthusiasm and perseverance. He was confident that "logotype" printing would effect a revolution by which both the

nation and he would profit. He founded the newspaper now known as the *Times*, to prove that newspapers as well as books could be printed far better and more cheaply than by the system in common use.

The "logotype" system of printing consists in using whole words or parts of words in place of single letters; thus the compositor, instead of building up each word, has the word ready made to his hand. This looks very simple, and the apparent simplicity of the scheme has always been its chief attraction. Mr. Walter took counsel with Sir Joseph Banks, then president of the Royal Society, and received his approval in the most emphatic terms, the new system being pronounced by him to be "a most useful acquisition to the literary world, and deserving the highest encouragement and support from the public." Mr. Walter corresponded on the subject with Benjamin Franklin; he had the satisfaction of learning that Franklin looked with favor upon the new system, and as Franklin was not only a shrewd man but a practical printer, his good opinion carried great weight. Not merely did Mr. Walter hope to economize in printing both as regards time and cost, but he also anticipated a great extension of the art by the use of "logographic" types. In the *Universal Register* for the 12th of August, 1786, he announced that having established a type foundry for casting logographic types, he was "able to supply any gentleman with logographic types who may have reasons for executing any work of secrecy or amusement, as the types of the words are so easily used in preference to single letters, and, consequently, the knowledge of printing may be acquired with facility. The experiment already made by a nobleman of the first rank and abilities, both in station and knowledge, fully evinces the truth of what is asserted." It is probable that the Duke of Portland is the nobleman here referred to, that nobleman having handed to the king a copy of Mr. Walter's pamphlet on logographic printing.

In addition to setting up his newspaper with these types, Mr. Walter used them in his general printing business, and a

large number of books issued from his logographic press. I have before me a list of fifteen of these works which appeared between 1784 and 1790. But the system had to be abandoned at last. It had several practical and insurmountable drawbacks — one of these being that the mass of ready-made words was too bulky and cumbersome to admit of being as readily handled as the corresponding mass of single types; another being that, if the cost of composition were less, that of correction was very much greater. Many years later an effort was made to revive the system. Major Beniowski, an ingenious and a plausible Pole, made some changes in it for which he procured letters patent, and he obtained the assistance of Captain John Greene, for many years member for Kilkenny, in furthering and advocating it. In 1854, Captain Greene succeeded in getting a select committee of the House of Commons to investigate the matter, and he did so despite the opposition of Mr. Gladstone, then chancellor of the exchequer. The report of the committee was to the effect that, as the evidence was conflicting, no decision had been arrived at concerning the scheme. The *Times*, which had suffered severely from the delusion of logographic printing, naturally wrote in condemnation of Major Beniowski and his invention.

Not long after the *Universal Register* became known as the *Times*, it ceased to be printed by logotypes. The first number under the new name, which appeared on the 1st of January, 1788, contained an address to the public on the subject of printing, wherein Mr. Walter returns thanks for the reception accorded to his efforts to improve that art, states that he purposes issuing a pamphlet containing his grievances, and gives as a specimen the fact that, being in want of apprentices, he sent an advertisement asking for them to the *General Advertiser*, which was "generally read by the lower orders of the people," but that Mr. Jenour, the printer of the paper, refused to insert the advertisement after taking payment for it. It is probable that the readers of Mr. Walter's paper cared little for his disputes with rival printers and were luke-

warm supporters of his inventions. They had a clear piece of evidence against the success of the new system. The *Universal Register* was sold for 2½d., being a halfpenny less than any contemporary, the reduced price being said to be a proof of the saving effected by the new plan, whereas the price was raised to 3d. when the paper assumed a new name.

The first number of the *Times, or Daily Universal Register*, was a folio sheet of four sides, of which more than one-half was filled with advertisements. It resembled its contemporaries in nearly all respects, being, like any of them, as Cowper stated in "The Task,"

The folio of four pages, happy work,  
Which not even critics, criticise.

In that number the foreign intelligence occupies a little over half a column, and consists of four paragraphs from Warsaw dated the 5th of December; two from Frankfort dated the 14th of December; one from Constantinople dated the 10th of November; two from Paris and one from Rotterdam dated the 25th of December. Ten short paragraphs are given of London news, amongst them being a paragraph to the effect that "the indisposition of Lord Salisbury is a public evil," a fact which, if announced now, would doubtless be expressed in corresponding words. Under the heading of the "Theatre," a short notice is given of "Hamlet," then performing at Drury Lane, and of "Henry the Fourth" at Covent Garden. A column headed the "Cuckoo" is filled with those paragraphs of gossip and scandal which were greatly to the taste of our forefathers, which do not appear unacceptable to readers of the present day, but which are excluded from the London daily press and now form the staple fare of some weekly journals. A column and a quarter headed "The Times," contains a statement as to the change in the title, and an exposition of the policy of the paper. The gist of the explanation is that the name *Universal Register* was as "injurious to the logo-graphic newspaper as Tristram was to Mr. Shandy's son," and that, as most readers spoke of it as the *Register*, it was commonly confounded with the *Annual Register*, the *Court and City Register*, and certain disreputable publications. For these reasons and others, "the parents of the *Universal Register* have added to its original name that of the *Times*, which, being a monosyllable, bids defiance to corruptors and mutilators of the language."

The writer thus proceeds to comment

on the new name: "The *Times*! What a monstrous name! Granted — for the *Times* is a many-headed monster that speaks with a hundred tongues, and displays a thousand characters, and in the course of its transformations in life assumes innumerable shapes and humors." Mr. Walter defends the change in the title as follows: "The alteration we have made in our head is not without precedents. The *World* has parted with half of its *caput mortuum* and a moiety of its brains. The *Herald* has cut off half of its head, and lost its original humor. The *Post*, it is true, retains its whole head and its old features; and as to the other public prints, they appear as having neither heads nor tails." The chief reference to politics is in these terms: "The political head of the *Times*, like that of Janus, the Roman deity, is double-faced; with one countenance it will smile continually on the friends of Old England, and with the other will frown incessantly on her enemies."

Mr. Walter may not have thought it necessary to lay down any programme, because this paper was the continuation of an established one, and not a new venture on a fresh plan. In the *Universal Register* for the 29th of June, 1785, he had distinctly announced his aim: "Uninfluenced by party, uncontrolled by power, and attached solely to the public interest, every exertion shall be urged to ensure a continuance of that support the journal has already experienced." More than half a column of No. 940 is occupied with a poem, which is rather worse than the poems that then found places in newspapers, being an "Ode for the New Year" by the poet laureate. One marriage is announced, and one death. The advertisements are as interesting as anything else in the paper. C. Sharp, perfumer and razor-maker to the Prince of Wales, vaunts the superiority of his concave razors; John Young is anxious that the nobility and gentry should try his "Caledonian macabau" snuff, assuring them that they will find it as good as his Irish snuff; Mrs. H. M. informs ladies that her "opera fans," showing the numbers of the boxes and names of subscribers, are ready for delivery; C. Walsh recommends his refined liquorice to all who wish to get rid of coughs; while other medicines are advertised for sale, not for emolument, but out of philanthropy, the prices, however, being high enough to leave no small profit. These quack medicines are quite as wonderful as others of a later day: they com-

prise the Opiate of Life, which is "most sovereign for weak stomachs, and infallible to all consumptive complaints," and costs 7s. a pot of eighteen doses; the Golden Pill, which prevents pains in the head and eyes, restores a lost memory, and beautifies the complexion, is composed "of the wholesomest and rarest articles as are not even to be had in Europe," the box containing twenty-four pills costing 10s. 6d.; Danish pills, a remedy for gravel, costing 6s. a box. Only one firm amongst these advertisers still survives; this is the Messrs. Burgess, who call attention to their smoked salmon and Dutch herrings, French olives and rich sauces. John Abernethy informs the public that he will begin a course of anatomical lectures. Nine works printed at the Logographic Press are advertised, and three firms set forth at length the reasons why lottery tickets should be purchased from them. Such are the salient features in the first number of the journal bearing the name of the *Times*.

The success of the *Times* was not rapid. Writing in December, 1789, Horace Walpole asks the Countess of Ossory, "Have you seen Mr. Cambridge's excellent verses, called 'The Progress of Liberty'? They were printed last Wednesday in a newspaper called the *Times*, but they are ascribed to a young lady." Mr. Walter often felt his post of editor a most trying one. In 1786 he had to pay a fine of 150*l.* for a libel upon Lord Loughborough. In 1789, being convicted of libelling the Dukes of York, Gloucester, and Cumberland, the libel consisting of the remark, probably well founded, that they were "insincere" in their professions of joy at the king's recovery, he was sentenced to pay a fine of 50*l.*, to stand for an hour in the pillory at Charing Cross, to be imprisoned in Newgate for twelve months, and to find security for good behavior for seven years after leaving prison. When in prison two other libels were laid to his charge: he was accused of publishing that the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York had demeaned themselves so as to incur the just disapprobation of his Majesty, and that the Duke of Clarence had returned home without authority from the Admiralty or his commanding officer. Mr. Walter was brought from Newgate on the 3rd of January, 1790, to receive sentence for these heinous offences. For both libels he was sentenced to a year's imprisonment in Newgate, to date from the expiry of the year he had to serve, and to pay 200*l.* After being imprisoned six-

teen months he was liberated on the intercession of the Prince of Wales. In the reigns both of George the Third and his son, imprisonment for libel occasioned as little disgrace as it did in France during the reign of the third Napoleon, when some of the best men were in prison and some of the worst in office. However, Mr. Walter was so disheartened by the treatment which he received that he contemplated giving up the *Times*, and confining himself to printing and publishing books. The journal was conducted at a loss, and to be subjected to fine and imprisonment, in addition to losing money by the journal, was as trying to his temper as to his pocket.

Instead, however, of discontinuing to publish the *Times*, Mr. Walter wisely associated his eldest son in its management, and in 1803 made him sole conductor. Mr. John Walter, jun., was born in 1776; like Henry Sampson Woodfall, the eminent editor of the *Public Advertiser*, he was educated at Merchant Taylors' School. He went to Trinity College, Oxford, afterwards, where he remained one year only. He studied at Oxford with the view of entering the Church, but, at his father's request, he abandoned his original intention. He had been regularly apprenticed to his father, and had mastered the art of printing. It was for the purpose of giving the *Times* another and a last chance that John Walter, jun., was admitted to a share in its management. He had the great qualification, in addition to remarkable natural gifts, of a thorough acquaintance with the details of printing and publishing. He was twenty-seven when he undertook the sole management of the *Times*, an early age it is true, yet not so early by eight years as that at which Henry Sampson Woodfall became editor of the *Public Advertiser*. The connection of John Walter, jun., with the *Times* was the beginning of its prosperity and the true source of its fame. He found it a struggling and feeble journal; he left it the most successful and powerful journal in the world. On obtaining the power to give effect to his policy, he set himself to reorganize the staff of the *Times*, to do everything that he could to accelerate the production of the paper, to fill it with fresh and trustworthy intelligence, to discard any arrangement and terminate any understanding which might interfere with free action and fearless criticism. It was then the custom to take payment for theatrical puffs, but he distinctly intimated that no

such custom would be acted upon by him, and he adhered to his determination, despite a pecuniary loss to the paper. His father did not approve of his scrupulousness ; he desired the paper to be independent of any person or party, but he did not object to accepting payments which were consecrated by usage, and which he considered to be a fair remuneration for service rendered.

No London journal at the beginning of this century was strikingly superior to any other, nor had any of them a preponderating circulation and influence. Four thousand copies constituted a large circulation for any paper in those days. Whilst Coleridge was a contributor to the *Morning Post* that journal attained a circulation of seven thousand copies, to the surprise of the proprietors as much as of the public. None was a special favorite with advertisers. A certain class of advertisements would be found in a particular paper ; the *Morning Post* containing most of those relating to horses and carriages, the *Public Ledger* of those relating to shipping and sales of foreign merchandise, the *Morning Herald* and the *Times* of those relating to auctions, and the *Morning Chronicle* of those relating to books. John Walter, jun., tried to change this by making his paper equally complete and attractive in every department, and, by increasing its circulation, to render it a favorite with all advertisers, whilst rigidly preserving its impartiality and upholding its independence.

He described in the *Times* for the 11th of February, 1810, how many trials he had to encounter in carrying out this policy. On purely patriotic grounds he supported the administration of Lord Sidmouth. When it was succeeded, or rather displaced, by Pitt's second administration, the conduct of Lord Melville was strongly blamed in the *Times*, the result being that Mr. Walter, sen., was removed from the office of printer to the customs, which he had filled for eighteen years, while all government advertisements were withdrawn from the *Times*. The Administration of All the Talents, which took office after Pitt's death, having been supported by the *Times*, it was suggested to John Walter, jun., that he should memorialize the government in the hope of recovering the patronage which had been withdrawn. However, not only did he decline to take any part in such an application, but he intimated to those who proposed to make one — despite his refusal to sign it — that they were acting in direct opposition to

his wishes. He had greater trials to bear than the loss of official patronage. The public was eager for news respecting the wars then raging on the Continent, and he had made arrangements for getting exact and early information. His plans were purposely frustrated by order of the government, the officials at the outposts being enjoined to stop all the parcels of papers addressed to him. On remonstrating at the Home Office he was informed that if he would accept these packets as a favor, which would imply some return on his part, they would be duly transmitted. He firmly declined even to listen to such conditions, and at a later date, when complaining of another high-handed act of subordinate agents, he expressly refused the still milder terms of compromise to the effect that he should distinctly intimate which political party he purposed supporting. The ministry then in office had his support ; but he would not make any conditions, even with that ministry, which might in the smallest degree fetter or seem to affect his independence. It was sometimes his good fortune, whilst rigidly declining any favor, to outstrip the government in the conveyance of intelligence ; thus he was able to announce the capitulation of Flushing forty-eight hours before the news had reached any government office.

The manner in which John Walter, jun., obtained his information from abroad, at a time when regular communication between this country and the Continent was stopped, is practically disclosed in a letter from him to Mr. Croker. It is written on the 9th of May, 1811. After setting forth in it the extraordinary difficulty in getting French newspapers, the writer says that a smuggler, "who is in collusion with a French officer near a certain port, is willing to exchange this contraband traffic in which he has been hitherto engaged for one which is perfectly innocent with respect to its operation upon the public revenue — namely, the conveyance of French papers only to England."\* He proposed that, if the Admiralty would give orders not to seize the vessel while so engaged, copies of the papers thus obtained would be forwarded to the government. The result is not told ; but the ingenious plan was designed to serve the government as much as the *Times*.

The conductors of other journals were able to collect foreign news from the same sources as the *Times*, but the conductor

\* Croker's Correspondence and Diaries, vol. i., p. 37.

of that journal was not satisfied to do that which any rival could perform with equal ease. He determined to have foreign intelligence from an agent of his own, and for his exclusive use — in other words, he resolved to employ on the Continent a special correspondent. The gentleman on whom his choice fell, and who fully merited the confidence reposed in him, was Henry Crabb Robinson. He was the forerunner of many distinguished men, who have given a new impulse and new character to journalism. Their names are known as well as honored: other contributors to the press are as little known to the reading public as "Junius;" but every one is acquainted with the names as well as the achievements of such men, amongst many others, as Dr. Russell and Wingrove Cooke, of Mr. Gallenga and Mr. McGahan, of Mr. Archibald Forbes and Mr. G. A. Henty, of Mr. Beatty-Kingston and Mr. Hilary Skinner, of Mr. Sala and Captain Cameron.

Crabb Robinson notes in his diary how, in January, 1807, he received, through his friend J. D. Collier, a proposal that he should proceed to Altona and reside there as the *Times* correspondent. He had returned from a stay in Germany, where he studied at the University of Jena. He had not only become well versed in the German language and literature, but he had made the personal acquaintance of the most eminent Germans of the day, Goethe and Schiller being numbered amongst them. Later in life he enjoyed the friendship of the chief Englishmen of his time, and he was the most intimate friend, perhaps, that Wordsworth ever had. Crabb Robinson sent to the *Times* a series of letters from "the banks of the Elbe," wherein he set forth the condition of things in Germany during the agitated period which closed with the fall of Dantzig, the battle of Friedland, and the treaty of Tilsit. On returning home, after having had several narrow escapes from capture and imprisonment, he acted as the foreign editor of the *Times*; and in the year 1808 he was despatched to Corunna, there to act again as special correspondent. The letters which he wrote during this mission were dated from "the shores of the Bay of Biscay" and "Corunna," and they appeared between the 9th of August, 1808, and the 20th of January, 1809. Crabb Robinson was a worthy representative of the class which has now become famous; he had all the activity requisite for performing the onerous task which he undertook, and he dis-

charged his duty with a fidelity and effect which has seldom been surpassed by the most daring and brilliant of his successors. He lived to a great age, dying in his ninety-fourth year; and those who, like myself, had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance during his later years, found his lively and most interesting spoken reminiscences even more fascinating than the printed pages which have been given to the world under the skilled editorship of Dr. Sadler. Of John Walter, jun., whose friendship he retained till death, Crabb Robinson always wrote and spoke in terms of the warmest admiration.

Whilst the conductor of the *Times* was gradually but surely rendering it the leading journal, he was suddenly confronted with a danger which threatened to shipwreck the result of his incessant labor and to mar the fruition of his cherished hopes. Towards the end of May, 1810, the pressmen in his office made a demand for increased wages. These men supplied the manual labor for working the printing-presses, and their services were indispensable. At the same time the compositors combined to demand not only higher wages, but the disuse of a new size of type which had been then introduced. The men bound themselves by an oath to be united and firm in demands to which they considered that resistance was hopeless. John Walter, jun., had a private intimation of the strike a few hours before it took place on a Saturday morning. Hastily collecting a few apprentices and unemployed compositors, he worked continuously for thirty-six hours along with them in preparing the Monday's issue, which, to the astonishment of the workmen on strike, appeared in the usual course. During several months the business of printing the journal was conducted under difficulties, the workmen on strike molesting those employed in the office. The lives of the latter were often in peril during the struggle. At length it was resolved to prosecute the men on strike for conspiracy, as well as for illegal combination, the result being that twenty-one were put on their trial at the Old Bailey on the 8th of November, 1810, that nineteen were found guilty of conspiracy, that two ringleaders were sentenced to imprisonment for two years, three others for eighteen months, three for twelve months, and eleven for nine months.

Not long after having successfully resisted this attempt to wreck the *Times*, its conductor lost his father, who died at Teddington on the 16th of November,

1812, in his seventy-fourth year. He had prospered as a printer and publisher; he left the *Times* and printing offices to his son, a bequest which was very valuable then and was rapidly growing more valuable still. During the years the second Mr. Walter had conducted the journal its circulation increased so rapidly that the problem of meeting the continuous demand was a serious one. At the beginning of the century the *Times* was at the bottom of the list of London morning journals as regards the numbers sold, its contemporaries being ranked as follows in proportion to their circulation: (1) the *Morning Chronicle*; (2) the *Morning Post*; (3) the *Morning Herald*; (4) the *Morning Advertiser*. The circulation of the *Times* did not then exceed one thousand copies daily. Seven years earlier the daily circulation of the *Morning Post* was but three hundred and fifty copies, and its progress had been rapid; yet, that of the *Times* was even more marvellous during the ten following years. From having the smallest circulation of any London contemporary, the circulation of the *Times* became so much larger than that of any of them that the ordinary printing appliances proved inadequate to provide the copies for which there was a demand. When the number bought was a thousand, it was easy enough to supply them with a press which turned out between three and four hundred copies an hour; but when many thousands were called for, such a press proved wholly inadequate.

Mr. Walter had made several attempts to effect improvements in the printing-press. He consulted Marc Isambard Brunel, one of the great mechanics of his day, who gave his best attention to the matter and then intimated his inability to execute what was required. Mr. Walter advanced money to Thomas Martyn, who thought he had made an important discovery; but the ideas of Martyn were not realized in practice. Whilst engaged in seeking for a person who could give scope and effect to his wishes, Friedrich Koenig, a German, who was born at Eisleben, in Saxony, in 1774, was laboring to effect improvements in the printing-press, was confident of substituting steam for manual labor in his new press, and was anxiously waiting for an opportunity to give scope to his views and for a patron to countenance and advance them. He had visited England in the hope of finding there the opening and the support which he could not obtain in his native country. He

found a sympathizer in Thomas Bensley, with whom he entered into an agreement in 1807. Two years later, when a working model of Koenig's improved press had been completed, Bensley brought the matter before Mr. Walter, who, for the moment, was so fully occupied with other engagements that he could not entertain a new scheme. In 1812 Koenig had finished one of his new printing-presses, and the conductors of the principal London journals were invited to see it in operation. Mr. Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, a very shrewd man, and the editor of a most successful newspaper, would not even accept the invitation, declaring that, in his opinion, no newspaper was worth so many years' purchase as would equal the cost of the new machine. Mr. Walter accepted the invitation, carefully examined Koenig's improved press, and at once ordered two double presses on the same model. Two years elapsed before these presses were constructed and at work. Rumors of the new invention were circulated, despite the secrecy to which all concerned had been pledged, and the *Times* pressmen, who believed that their means of livelihood would be at an end when steam was applied to printing, vowed vengeance upon the inventor. The new press was erected in rooms adjoining those wherein the old presses were in operation. At six o'clock in the morning of the 29th of November, 1814, Mr. Walter entered the office with several damp printed sheets in his hand, and informed the startled pressmen at work there that the *Times* was already printed by steam; that if they attempted violence there was a force ready to suppress it; but that if they were peaceable their wages should be continued to every one of them till similar employment could be procured." In proof of his statement he handed to them copies of the first newspaper which had issued from a steam press. The readers of that day's *Times* were informed of the revolution of which it was a visible token. Trifling though the speed may now seem, it was then thought astounding that a press could throw off, as Koenig's did, eleven hundred copies an hour; and this beginning is memorable as the first step in a series of improvements still more remarkable than that which was pronounced at the time to be the greatest that had been effected in the art of printing since the discovery of the art itself.\*

\* Since I began this article, my esteemed friend Dr. Smiles has produced a new work entitled "Men of Invention and Industry," which contains an excellent account of the chequered career and hard fate of Koenig.

From the date of the *Times* being printed by steam down to the present day unceasing efforts have been made with a view to perfect printing machinery. The mechanical impulse given to it by Mr. Walter is far from being spent. He was always prepared to effect a useful change, and he was always ready for any emergency. Once only had he a serious difference with a contributor. This was Dr. Stoddart, a man of great literary talent, but indisposed to listen to wise counsel or submit to guidance or control. Finding that he would not render the service required of him, and ready to acknowledge that which had been rendered, Mr. Walter proposed that Dr. Stoddart should cease to write and should retire upon a pension. Dr. Stoddart rejected this handsome offer, being over-confident as to his powers, and he informed Mr. Walter that arrangements were completed by him for the appearance of the *New Times*. This rival did not prove dangerous. The *New Times* had a short life, and involved its conductor in a loss of 20,000*l.* Even events for which few newspaper proprietors could well be prepared did not take Mr. Walter at unawares. Such an occasion once occurred at ten o'clock in the morning in the spring of 1833, when an express from Paris brought the speech which the king of the French had delivered at the opening of the Chambers. Mr. Walter was then almost alone in the office. He sent for some compositors, and, pending their arrival, he translated the speech, then set it up with the help of a single compositor, and by the time other workmen had arrived he had the whole ready for printing off, a second edition of the *Times* containing the speech being issued by one o'clock.

One of the most notable events in the annals of the *Times* occurred in 1840. On the 13th of May in that year a letter appeared from Mr. O'Reilly, the Paris correspondent, but dated from Brussels, containing particulars of a vast conspiracy that had been formed for swindling foreign bankers out of a million sterling. The conspirators had succeeded in obtaining upwards of ten thousand pounds; the correspondent's object was to stop their further proceedings by giving full publicity to their infamous design. The result was that Allan George Bogle, one of the fourteen conspirators, brought an action against the *Times* for libel. At great cost and labor the solicitor to that journal unravelled the conspiracy, and prepared

the way for the defence in a court of justice. The trial took place at Croydon on the 16th of March, 1841, before the chief justice of the common pleas. Owing to a technicality, an important part of the evidence legally justifying the action of the *Times* could not be placed before the jury; yet the jury pointedly manifested their opinion of the case by awarding the plaintiff a farthing damages, while the chief justice confirmed this view by refusing to certify for costs. The real triumph was on the side of the *Times*; but the result had involved a heavy pecuniary sacrifice. The bankers, merchants, and citizens of London were grateful to the journal for the service which it had rendered, and a meeting was held at the Mansion House under the presidency of the lord mayor to raise a fund wherewith to pay the costs, and to serve also as a testimonial of the subscribers' gratitude. In a short time, though each person's subscription was limited to ten guineas, the sum of 2,700*l.* was contributed by persons living not in England only, but also in India, Italy, France, Belgium, Switzerland, and North America. The conductors of the *Times* declined the proffered help, and intimated their intention of bearing the entire burden which had been incurred in the discharge of what they deemed a duty. It was then resolved that two scholarships should be founded with the greater part of the fund, and that a portion of it should be expended in placing a tablet in the Royal Exchange and the *Times* office, bearing the following inscription, which, though referred to, is not quoted in any of the histories of London or guides to it:—

This tablet was erected to commemorate the extraordinary exertions of the *Times* newspaper in the exposure of a remarkable fraud upon the mercantile public, which exposure subjected the proprietors to a most expensive lawsuit. At a meeting of the merchants, bankers, and others, held at the Mansion House on the 1st day of October, A.D. 1841, the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor in the chair, the following resolutions were agreed to, *vide licet*: That this meeting desires to express in the most unqualified terms its sense of the indefatigable industry, perseverance, and ability shown by the proprietors of the *Times* newspaper in the exposure made through the instrumentality of that journal in the trial of Bogle *versus* Lawson of the most remarkable and extensively fraudulent conspiracy ever brought to light in the mercantile world. That this meeting desires to offer its grateful acknowledgments to the proprietors of the *Times* newspaper for the services which they

have thus been the means, at great labor and expense, of rendering to the commercial community throughout Europe. That the effect of such exposure is not only held useful to the commercial and banking community as suggesting additional care and circumspection in all monetary dealings, but as showing the aid which a public-spirited and independent journal has in its power to afford in the detection and punishment of offences which aim at the destruction of all mercantile confidence and security. That the committee now appointed be empowered to take measures for the purpose of recording in a more permanent manner the sense of obligation conferred by the proprietors of the *Times* on the commercial-community. The proprietors of the *Times* refusing to be reimbursed the heavy costs incurred by them in the defence of the above-mentioned action, the committee opened a subscription, which amounted at its close to 2,700*l.*, and at a meeting held at the Mansion House on the 9th day of February, A.D. 1842, specially summoned for the purpose of considering the application of the amount subscribed, it was resolved as follows: That 150 guineas be applied to the erection of this tablet, and of a similar one to be placed in some conspicuous part of the *Times* printing establishment. That the surplus of the sum raised be invested in the purchase of 3 per cent. consols, the dividend to be applied to the support of two scholarships to be called "The *Times* Scholarships." That "The *Times* Scholarships" be established in connection with Christ's Hospital and the City of London School, for the benefit of pupils proceeding from those institutions respectively to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. That Christ's Hospital and the City of London School be required to place in their respective institutions a tablet commemorative of the establishment of such scholarships. All which has been duly carried into effect. The committee consisted of the following gentlemen: The Right Hon. Sir John Pirie, Bart., Lord Mayor, Chairman and Treasurer, Matthias Wolvey Atwood, Esq., Barclay Brothers & Co., Baring Brothers, Samuel Briggs, Esq. (of the firm of Briggs & Co., of Alexandria), Sir George Carroll, Knight, Alderman, Cattley & Carr, Cockerell & Co., Glyn, Halifax Mills & Co., Robert Alexander Gray, Esq. (of the firm of Melhuish, Gray & Co.), John Benjamin Heath, Esq. (of the firm of Heath, Furse & Co.), William Hughes Hughes, Esq., F.S.A., F.L.S., etc., Honorary Treasurer, Thomas Johnson, Esq., Alderman, late Lord Mayor, Jones, Lloyd & Co., Sir Peter Laurie Knight, Alderman, Peter Laurie, Esq., Common Pleader of the City of London, Sebastian Gonzalez Martinez, Esq. (of the firm of Martinez, Gassiot & Co.), John Masterman, Esq., M.P. (of the firm of Masterman, Peters, Mildred, Masterman & Co.), Francis Pegler, Esq. (of the firm of Pegler Brothers), John Diston Powles, Esq., William George Prescott, Esq. (of the firm of Prescott, Grote, Ames, Cave & Grote), Baron Lionel Nathan

de Rothschild (of the firm of Nathan Mayer de Rothschild & Co.), Edward Steward, Esq., Patrick Maxwell Stewart, Esq., M.P., Samuel Wilson, Esq., Alderman, W. Hughes Hughes, Honorary Secretary.

In 1847 Mr. Walter died. He was then in his seventy-second year. He had not only built up a great journal, but he had established a great personal reputation. He sat in Parliament first as member for Berkshire and next for Nottingham. He acquired much wealth as well as fame. He left behind him estates in Berks and Wilts, the freehold premises in Printing House Square, and the interest in the *Times*, which represented as valuable a property as many large landed estates, and personally to the amount of 90,000*l.* One who knew Mr. Walter has remarked that Lord Beaconsfield's saying, "Youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, and old age a regret," had no application to Mr. Walter; but that "his youth was an exciting struggle, his manhood a period of comparative repose, his old age a perfect triumph."

The third Mr. Walter, who succeeded his father as conductor of the *Times*, inherited a great responsibility as well as a magnificent property. In order that the journal might retain its position, it was necessary to introduce constant improvements in the mode of its production. The more remarkable its success, the more pressing was the need for further changes. It was found that, despite additions made by Mr. Applegath to Koenig's press, the improved press was inadequate for the work required, and Mr. Applegath designed one on a different model which sufficed for a time. In this press the types were placed on vertical cylinders, and these revolved a thousand times in an hour, throwing off eight thousand copies. This press, which was considered a very remarkable instance of ingenuity, was shown in operation at the Great Exhibition of 1851, and was one of the chief attractions in the machinery department. About the time Mr. Applegath completed this press here, Mr. Hoe was introducing a new press of a totally different kind in New York. The superiority of the Hoe press was generally acknowledged, and two of the ten-cylinder, or largest, size were bought by Mr. Walter for the *Times* office. This American press was generally adopted in this country, as well as in the United States. Meantime, Mr. Walter encouraged an Italian named Delagana to prosecute his experiments in producing stereotype plates through the

medium of a papier-maché matrix. On the invention taking a practical shape, it was adopted in the *Times* office in 1850, and this represented another step in advance. By printing from a stereotype plate the saving is very great, as the types last ten times longer than they would do if employed to make the impression directly. To print from stereotypes was not a novelty; but to employ papier maché wherewith to make the matrix was not only novel, but enabled such a matrix to be made from the cylinders of the Applegath or the Hoe press. The speed attained with these new presses was twelve thousand copies an hour; this seems a marvellous increase when compared with what was deemed the wonderful result when eleven hundred copies an hour were thrown off by the Koenig steam-press. Yet the jury on printing at the Exhibition of 1862, while acknowledging how much had been done, intimated that vast improvements might still be made.

The wish of the jury was realized when the Walter press was devised and put in operation. This is the most complete printing-press yet designed, and it represents quite as extraordinary a change as that effected when the old hand-presses were displaced by the steam-press of Koenig. To Mr. John C. MacDonald, for many years a distinguished member of the *Times* staff, the Walter press largely owes its origin and success, whilst in giving effect to the inventor's scheme, the present Mr. Walter exercised the same judicious supervision and liberality for which his father was noteworthy. This press is the subject of four letters patent issued between 1863 and 1871 to John Cameron Macdonald and Joseph Calverley. The main features of it are simplicity and compactness, combined with great speed and economy in working. A large reel covered with a continuous roll of paper revolves at the one end; at the other the printed sheets issue, folded and ready for delivery to the publisher, at the rate of fifteen thousand copies an hour. The paper on the reel is four miles long; in less than half an hour these four miles of paper are converted into newspapers. Every night when the Walter presses are at work in the *Times* office, a quantity of paper weighing ten tons and representing a roll one hundred and sixty miles in length is thus transformed. This appears to be quite as magical a result as anything which Adam Warner, the wizard in "The Last of the Barons," could have effected by means of his machine, even after he

had perfected it by the indispensable addition of a diamond bathed in moon-beams.

When I visited the Centennial Exhibition in 1876 at Philadelphia, I observed that the Walter press shown in operation there was constantly surrounded by an excited and admiring crowd. The Americans knew that the Hoe and the Bullock presses were amongst the most notable inventions of their countrymen, but very few were aware that the achievements of either inventor had been rivalled if not outstripped by English ingenuity. The *New York Times*, which had adopted the Walter press, wrote that "the Walter press is the most perfect printing-press yet known to man, invented by the most powerful journal of the Old World, and adopted as the very best press to be had for its purposes by the most influential journal of the New World." That press has been adopted in many newspaper offices as well as in the office of the *Times*, wherein there are ten; there are eight of them in the office of the *Daily News*, four in that of the *New York Times*, three in that of the *Scotsman*, two in that of the *Glasgow News*, two in that of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, one in that of the *Missouri Republican*, and one in that of the *Magdeburg Zeitung*. The first Hoe cylinder press was a costly machine, the price being as high as 5,000*l.*, whereas the Walter press, which is infinitely superior, costs 3,000*l.*

The present Mr. Walter did not rest satisfied with having at his command a press of such perfection as that which is called by his name. He resolved to simplify and accelerate the process of setting up type also, and in this respect his success has been marked. To substitute a type-composing machine for the labor of a skilled compositor has long been a desideratum. Yet, after a machine had been constructed that enabled this to be done, the gain was but trifling, skilled labor being still required to distribute the types. After many experiments a twofold machine was completed and introduced into the *Times* office, whereby the work of composing and distributing could be effected at an enormous saving in time and cost. For instance, to compose eight pages of the advertisement sheet by hand would amount to 43*l.* 12*s.*, whereas the same work could be done by means of a machine for 1*l.* 14*s.* All these mechanical improvements, which are the results of many years' experiments and much practical experience, have rendered the *Times*

of to-day, in one particular, that which its founder hoped to make it. Its founder's ambition was to print a daily journal much more cheaply and expeditiously than had ever been done before, and he expected to do so by the logotype system of printing. Though that system failed, yet the changes effected in the printing-press by his successors, the use of stereotypes wherewith to make the impressions, and the adoption of mechanical type-composing and distributing machines, are so many steps in the process for realizing more than all that Mr. Walter ever contemplated from that logotype system of printing, which he fondly regarded as a discovery destined to supersede all other modes of printing.

The attention uniformly given by the conductors of the *Times* to the improvement of the means for increasing its production has had a twofold result. Owing to the saving thus effected, the constantly increasing cost in collecting news has been met. The electric telegraph is a great convenience to the public, and a great burden to newspapers. To pay, as the *Times* does, for special wires to Paris and Vienna represents a large expenditure. Had not the printing appliances been improved, so that this cost could be defrayed without increasing the price of the journal, the public would not enjoy the advantages of which it is fully sensible. But in benefiting itself, the *Times* has materially helped its contemporaries. I mentioned at the outset that the *Morning Herald* and the *Morning Chronicle* ceased to exist when they seemed to be prospering; the reason, I may add, was that they had ceased to march with the times. They stood still when it was the law of their being to go on improving and advancing. The penny newspapers, which do so much honor to our country, have profited by the labor and outlay of the conductors of the *Times*. Had not the printing-press been improved so that copies of newspapers can be thrown off in a very short space of time and at a very small cost, it would have been impossible for any penny newspaper to attain world-wide, if not unprecedented, circulation.

From an early day till now the *Times* has had an incalculable advantage over every rival. No other London journal is composed by a mechanical process of type-setting, because the printers' trade union is opposed to its introduction. The *Times* is the only one that has nothing to dread from the dictation, or rather the mistaken fears, of a trade union. In 1810

the conductors of that journal resolved to be masters in their own house, and they have remained as independent in their office as in the discussion of public affairs. In this respect the *Times* occupies a position which its rivals may envy quite as much as its circulation and influence. But the power which it exercises has always been tempered with kindness. What appeared in its editorial columns on the 11th of February, 1842, is the explanation of its practice in this respect. After referring to the Printers' Pension Society, it is there said: "Not one of our establishment belongs to these pensioners; neither have we, nor would we keep a man to whom we do not allow wages sufficient, with ordinary temperance and industry, to secure himself against the accidents of life, and under the general decay of nature during old age."

The public takes note of the contents of a journal and cares little about the manner of its production, and a journal's influence on the public is the real measure of its value. Now, whilst the arrangements in the printing office of the *Times* were in course of continuous improvement, the tone and character of the journal were also sedulously considered and controlled. The course which the *Times* should follow was the subject of the second Mr. Walter's ardent care. His father, the founder of it, laid down the principle that the journal was to be independent alike of any minister and party; but the limit and condition of independence on a given subject was a problem both delicate and difficult. A journal or a politician may make a parade of independence by attacking or opposing every man or measure. Such independence is but another form of anarchy. But the independence always displayed by the *Times* has its foundation in patriotism. On all questions the endeavor seems to have been to ascertain what the country desires, and next to determine whether what is desired will prove beneficial. In carrying out such a policy it is inevitable that occasion should be given for charges of inconsistency; but those who make them have overlooked the fact that, the conditions having changed, the conclusions to be drawn must necessarily vary, and that the supposed inconsistency is merely a token of that increased wisdom which Charles James Fox assigned in justification of his expressing views on one day which were at variance with those he had entertained the day before. At every great crisis in the country's history the course taken by the *Times* has been justi-

fied by results. In its earliest days it strongly opposed the slave-trade, and aided in the abolition of that inhuman traffic. When a section of the country favored harsh treatment of Queen Caroline, the powerful pleas of the *Times* for the fair trial of that unfortunate and not very estimable lady largely contributed to avert the high-handed measures which her husband was ready to take, and which the ministry was ready to sanction. In the bitter and menacing struggle to carry the first Reform Bill, the cause of Reform was powerfully supported by the *Times*, and that support exercised a marked influence over the result, whilst that journal's advocacy of free trade materially helped to overthrow the protective system. At the time of the railway mania, grave words of warning to the public proceeded from the *Times*, though its financial interests were in favor of the excitement being prolonged in order that its columns might continue to overflow with advertisements. Had a journal of the same weight and upright character exercised similar authority at the time of the South Sea Bubble, much personal suffering and pecuniary loss might then have been averted. To the action of the *Times* during the Crimean campaign is attributable the reform in our military organization which followed the cessation of hostilities; whilst the facts placed before the public during the campaign itself led to an alleviation of the state of the army in the field and the sick in the hospitals. Perhaps the only great occasion on which the *Times* took a course which was not in harmony with the nation as a whole, but of a part only, was while the War of Secession was in progress in the United States, and then it might be urged that the information upon which the policy of the journal was based proved to be one-sided and untrustworthy. In the great acts of legislation of recent days, such as the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, the Irish Land Act, the Franchise Act, and the Redistribution of Seats Bill, the opinion of the nation has been accurately mirrored in the *Times*, and the welfare of the nation has been carefully consulted. It is because the nation recognizes in the columns of the *Times* a faithful reflection of its own mind that the title of leading journal has been applied to it by common consent. Every one is supposed to read the *Times*, though there are many who do not consult its columns with the feelings of satisfaction which animate them when perusing their favorite journal. The thor-

ough-going Tory finds in the *Morning Post* the sentiments wherein he cordially concurs; the Tory-Democrat delights in the enterprising *Standard*; the philosophic Radical or the serious Liberal expects to find his views represented with ability and fidelity in the *Daily News* or *Daily Chronicle*; those who care more for fine writing on social subjects than for party politics find what suits them in the *Daily Telegraph*, whilst the licensed victuallers derive mental illumination from the *Morning Advertiser*. Each of these journals has its fit circle of readers. Each may rival the *Times* and sometimes surpass it in obtaining and distributing news, yet none occupies a corresponding place in the world of journalism. The aggrieved and grumbling Englishman travelling on the Continent, when remonstrating with an extortionate landlord or overbearing official, thinks no threat more potent than the threat that he will write to the *Times*. The readers of the *Times* exceed in number those of journals which circulate a larger number of copies. The buyer of a penny newspaper is, perhaps, the sole reader of that copy; but a single copy of the *Times* may be read by twenty persons. It is the custom in London to pay a news-agent a small sum weekly for the right to read the *Times* for an hour daily. The same copy may be perused by the members of six or eight families; in the evening it is posted to the country, and afterwards it may be sent to a colony or a foreign land. Thus, whilst each issue of another newspaper of large circulation is read by one or two hundred thousand buyers, each issue of the *Times* has several million readers.

To perfect the working details of a daily newspaper requires as great skill and forethought as are expended in building, launching, and equipping a fleet, or in organizing an army. But the fleet without an admiral, or an army without a general, is like a newspaper without an editor. In having found editors of remarkable capacity, the conductors of the *Times* have displayed a prescience and had a success which, in turn, have contributed to the success of their journal. Mr. Walter, the founder of it, was proprietor, printer, and editor. His son was editor as well as conductor, and to him is attributable the introduction of the leading or, more correctly, "leaded" article, which has become the distinguishing feature of the newspaper press. The impetus given by the second Mr. Walter to the editorial department has been as lasting as that

which he gave to other departments. He was singularly acute in detecting capable writers. Being struck with letters contributed to the paper by Mr. Sterling and signed "Vetus," he secured Mr. Sterling's services as one of the principal writers. In like manner he discerned the ability of Mr. Barnes, who for several years was the editor. Most notable, however, was the appointment of John Thaddeus Delane to succeed Mr. Barnes in 1841. For thirty-six years Mr. Delane not only filled the editorial chair, but he did so in a manner which commanded universal respect.

As editor of the *Times*, Mr. Delane was a power in the State. He did not owe his ascendency to the cleverness with which he wielded a pen, but to the ability which he displayed in turning to the best account the pens of the greatest writers of his day. So consummate was his skill in this delicate task, and so complete was his success, that the *Times* stated after his death that the British public had then "finally lost one of the oldest, most devoted, and most meritorious of those who may be called its own special servants." What Mr. Delane was as editor cannot be set forth in better or juster terms than those employed in the following passage:—

He had in a remarkable degree several qualities which are indispensable to success in all business of importance. He was capable of long application and concentrated attention. After hours of work, under harassing and perplexing circumstances, he had ample reserve of strength for those critical emergencies which make the greatest demand on the powers of apprehension and judgment. He could always seize on the main point at issue, and lay his hand on that upon which all the rest depended. It seemed a kind of intuition that enabled him to foresee at once the impending fate of a cause or the result of a campaign, but it was a practical and methodical power. He could distinguish between the relevant and the irrelevant in the calculation of probabilities as well as in the conduct of an argument. In a continual experience of mistakes and disappointments—for, as we have said, the nightly birth of the broadsheet is not without its agonies and mishaps—he maintained more equanimity and command of temper than most people do under the petty harasses of private life. Compelled as he was occasionally to be decisive even to abruptness, and to sacrifice the convenience of contributors and subordinates to the paramount interest of the public, he never lost the respect or affection of those who could sympathize with him in his work, make due allowance for his difficulties, and think less of themselves than of the great issues at stake.

Mr. Thomas Chenery, who succeeded

Mr. Delane on his retirement in 1877, did not long fill the editorial chair, as he died, after a short illness, on the 11th of February, 1884. He had been a valued contributor for twenty years; he was a man of extraordinary learning, large experience of the world, and of great intellectual gifts, and he adorned the high office of editor of the *Times*. Mr. Chenery's successor is Mr. G. E. Buckle.

To discuss the great editors and writers of the *Times* would require more space than is now available, and might well form the subject of another article. Many of the men who have written the most brilliant leaders and reviews are quite unknown to the public; but the names of others are familiar and honored, such as Phillips, Dallas, and Thackeray.

When estimating the relative position and influence of London morning newspapers, due account should be taken of the country newspapers which have become so many powers in the kingdom. A century ago the country newspaper press was far inferior to that of London, while that of London was then far below the lowest class of country newspapers now. Walpole wrote to Horace Mann in 1742 that when the Duchess of Rutland was told of some strange casualty, she said, "Lucy, child, step into the next room and set that down." "Lord, madam!" says Lady Lucy, "it can't be true!" "Oh, no matter, child; it will do for news into the country next post." Since those days the electric telegraph has enabled all journals to publish the latest news, and if, as not unfrequently happens, the intelligence collected or compiled by news agencies is quite as fantastic as that which the Duchess of Rutland thought good enough for the country, such news is posted in London clubs and appears in London journals as well as country newspapers. The truth is that London has long ceased to have the monopoly of newspapers commanding the confidence and deserving the admiration of a multitude of readers. If a list were drawn up of newspapers of the highest class, which deserve the respect of all competent judges, that list would comprise those which are published in such places, amongst others, as Leeds and Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool, Newcastle and Glasgow, Dundee and Edinburgh, Belfast and Dublin. The list might be extended and improved if there were added to it a selection from the leading journals of the United States, of Canada, of Australia, and of India; and it would

be rendered still more complete and representative if it included the names of the most notable journals of Germany, Austria, Italy, Belgium, France, and Spain. Yet, when such a list had been drawn up and pronounced to be at once fair and full, it would be found that no single newspaper named therein fulfilled the conditions of an ideal newspaper so well as the *Times*. It is not perfect. Before its second centenary arrives it may be as much in advance of its existing excellence as it is now superior to its condition when it was first published a century ago. A leading journal must either go forward or else fall behind and disappear. The *Times* is now in the van of the newspaper press of the world. Its position is unique. Thirty years have elapsed since Sir Bulwer Lytton paid it a compliment in the House of Commons which no other newspaper ever received in a legislative assembly — a compliment which, though apparently extravagant, was generally admitted to be well deserved. As the words then spoken by Sir Bulwer Lytton have gained point and appropriateness in their general as well as in their particular application, I may fitly reproduce them: "The existing newspaper press is an honor to this country, from the ability of its compositions, the integrity of the men who adorn it, the vast and various information it diffuses, and, making fair allowances for the heat of party spirit and the temptations of anonymous power, for its general exemption from wilful calumny and personal slander. And if I desired to leave to remote posterity some memorial of existing British civilization, I would prefer, not our docks, not our railways, not our public buildings, not even the palace in which we hold our sittings: I would prefer a file of the *Times*."

W. FRASER RAE.

From Chambers' Journal.  
A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER I.

THE day was warm, and there was no shade; out of the olive woods which they had left behind, and where all was soft coolness and freshness, they had emerged into a piece of road widened and perfected by recent improvements till it was as shelterless as a broad street. High walls on one side clothed with the green clinging trails of the mesembryanthemum, with

palm-trees towering above, but throwing no shadow below; on the other a low house or two, and more garden walls, leading in a broad curve to the little old walled town, its campanile rising up over the clustered roofs, in which was their home. They had fifteen minutes or more of dazzling sunshine before them ere they could reach any point of shelter.

Ten minutes, or even five, would have been enough for Frances. She could have run along, had she been alone, as like a bird as any human creature could be, being so light and swift and young. But it was very different with her father. He walked but slowly at the best of times; and in the face of the sun at noon, what was to be expected of him? It was part of the strange contrariety of fate, which was against him in whatever he attempted, small or great, that it should be just here, in this broad, open, unavoidable path, that he encountered one of those parties which always made him wroth, and which usually he managed to keep clear of with such dexterity — an English family from one of the hotels.

Tourists from the hotels are always objectionable to residents in a place. Even when the residents are themselves strangers, perhaps, indeed, all the more from that fact, the chance visitors who come to stare and gape at those scenes which the others have appropriated and taken possession of, are insufferable. Mr. Waring had lived in the old town of Bordighera for a great number of years. He had seen the Marina and the line of hotels on the beach created, and he had watched the travellers arriving to take possession of them — the sick people, and the people who were not sick. He had denounced the invasion unceasingly, and with vehemence; he had never consented to it. The Italians about might be complacent, thinking of the enrichment of the neighbourhood, and of what was good for trade, as these prosaic people do; but the English colonist on the Punto could not put up with it. And to be met here, on his return from his walk, by an unblushing band about whom there could be no mistake, was very hard to bear. He had to walk along exposed to the fire of all their unabashed and curious glances, to walk slowly, to miss none, from that of the stout mother to that of the slim governess. In the rear of the party came the papa, a portly Saxon, of the class which, if comparisons could be thought of in so broad and general a sentiment, Mr. Waring disliked worst of all — a big man,

a rosy man, a fat man, in large, easy morning clothes, with a big white umbrella over his head. This last member of the family came at some distance behind the rest. He did not like the sun, though he had been persuaded to leave England in search of it. He was very warm, moist, and in a state of general relaxation, his tidy necktie coming loose, his gloves only half on, his waistcoat partially unbuttoned. It was March, when no doubt a good genuine east wind was blowing at home. At that moment, this traveller almost regretted the east wind.

The Warings were going up-hill towards their abode; the slope was gentle enough, yet it added to the slowness of Mr. Waring's pace. All the English party had stared at him, as is the habit of English parties; and indeed he and his daughter were not unworthy of a stare. But all these gazes came with a cumulation of curiosity to widen the stare of the last comer, who had besides twenty or thirty yards of vacancy in which the indignant resident was fully exposed to his view. Little Frances, who was English enough to stare too, though in a gentlewomanly way, saw a change gradually come, as he gazed, on the face of the stranger. His eyebrows rose up bushy and arched with surprise; his eyelids puckered with the intentness of his stare; his lips dropped apart. Then he came suddenly to a standstill, and gasped forth the word "WARING!" in tones of surprise to which capital letters can give but faint expression.

Mr. Waring, struck by this exclamation as by a bullet, paused too, as with something of that inclination to turn round which is said to be produced by a sudden hit. He put up his hand momentarily, as if to pull down his broad-brimmed hat over his brows. But in the end he did neither. He stood and faced the stranger with angry energy. "Well?" he said.

"Dear me, who could have thought of seeing you here. Let me call my wife. She will be delighted. Mary! — Why, I thought you had gone to the East. I thought you had disappeared altogether. And so did everybody. And what a long time it is, to be sure! You look as if you had forgotten me."

"I have," said the other with a supercilious gaze, perusing the large figure from top to toe.

"O come, Waring! Why — Mannering; you can't have forgotten Mannering, a fellow that stuck by you all through. Dear, how it brings up everything, seeing

you again! Why, it must be a dozen years ago. And what have you been doing all this time? Wandering over the face of the earth, I suppose, in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, since nobody has ever fallen in with you before."

"I am something of an invalid," said Waring. "I fear I cannot stand in the sun to answer so many questions. And my movements are of no importance to any one but myself."

"Don't be so misanthropical," said the stranger in his large, round voice. "You always had a turn that way. And I don't wonder if you are soured — any fellow would be soured. Won't you say a word to Mary? She's looking back, wondering with all her might what new acquaintance I've found out here, never thinking it's an old friend. Hillo, Mary! — What's the matter? Don't you want to see her? Why, man alive, don't be so bitter. She and I have always stuck up for you; through thick and thin, we've stuck up for you. Eh! can't stand any longer? Well, it is hot, isn't it? There's no variety in this confounded climate. Come to the hotel, then — the Victoria, down there."

Waring had passed his interrogator, and was already at some distance, while the other, breathless, called after him. He ended, affronted, by another discharge of musketry, which hit the fugitive in the rear. "I suppose," the indiscreet inquirer demanded breathlessly, "that's the little girl?"

Frances had followed with great but silent curiosity this strange conversation. She had not interposed in any way, but she had stood close by her father's side, drinking in every word with keen ears and eyes. She had heard and seen many strange things, but never an encounter like this; and her eagerness to know what it meant was great; but she dared not linger a moment after her father's rapid movement of the hand, and the longer stride than usual, which was all the increase of speed he was capable of. As she had stood still by his side without a question, she now went on, very much as if she had been a delicate little piece of machinery of which he had touched the spring. That was not at all the character of Frances Waring; but to judge by her movements while at her father's side, an outside observer might have thought so. She had never offered any resistance to any impulse from him in her whole life; indeed, it would have seemed to her an impossibility to do so. But these impulses concerned the outside of her life

only. She went along by his side with the movement of a swift creature restrained to the pace of a very slow one, but making neither protest nor remark. And neither did she ask any explanation, though she cast many a stolen glance at him as they pursued their way. And for his part he said nothing. The heat of the sun, the annoyance of being thus interrupted, were enough to account for that.

Before they could reach the shelter of their home, there was this broad bit of sunny road, made by one of those too progressive municipalities, thirsting for English visitors and tourists in general, who fill with hatred and horror the old residents in Italy; and then a succession of stony stairs more congenial to the locality, by which, under old archways and through narrow alleys, you get at last to the wider centre of the town, a broad, stony piazza, under the shadow of the Bell Tower, the characteristic campanile which was the landmark of the place. Except on one side of the piazza, all here was in grateful shade. Waring's stern face softened a little when he came into these cool and almost deserted streets. Here and there a woman at a doorway; an old man in the deep shadow of an open shop, or booth, unguarded by any window; two or three girls filling their pitchers at the well, but no intrusive tourists or passengers of any kind to break the noonday stillness. The pair went slowly through the little town, and emerged through another old gateway on the further side, where the blue Mediterranean, with all its wonderful shades of color, and line after line of headland cutting down into those ethereal tints, stretched out before them; ending in the haze of the Ligurian Mountains. The scene was enough to take away the breath of one unaccustomed to that blaze of wonderful light, and all the delightful accidents of those purple hills. But this pair were too familiarly acquainted with every line to make any pause. They turned round the sunny height from the gateway, and entered by a deep, small door sunk in the wall, which stood high like a great rampart rising from the Punto. This was the outer wall of the palace of the lord of the town, still called *the Palazzo* at Bordighera. Every large house is a palace in Italy; but the pretensions of this were well founded. The little door by which they entered had been an opening of modern and peaceful times, the state entrance being through a great doorway and court on the inner side. The deep outer wall was pierced by windows only at the height

of the second story, on the sea side, so that the great marble stair up which Waring toiled slowly was very long and fatiguing, as if it led to a mountain-top. He reached his rooms breathless, and going in through antechamber and corridor, threw himself into the depths of a large but upright chair. There were no signs of luxury about. It was not one of those hermitages of culture and ease which English recluses make for themselves in the most unlikely places. It was more like a real hermitage; or, to speak more simply, it was like, what it really was, an apartment in an old Italian house, in a rustic castle, furnished and provided as such a place, in the possession of its natural inhabitants, would be.

The Palazzo was subdivided into a number of habitations, of which the apartment of the Englishman was the most important. It was composed of a suite of rooms facing to the sea, and commanding the entire circuit of the sun; for the windows on one side were to the east, and at the other the apartment ended in a large loggia, commanding the west and all the glorious sunsets accomplished there. We northerners, who have but a limited enjoyment of the sun, show often a strange indifference to him in the sites and situations of our houses; but in Italy it is well known that where the sun does not go the doctor goes, and much more regard is shown to the aspect of the house.

The Warings at the worst of that genial climate had little occasion for fire; they had but to follow the centre of light when he glided out of one room to fling himself more abundantly into another. The Punto is always full in the cheerful rays. It commands everything—air and sea, and the mountains and all their thousand effects of light and shade; and the Palazzo stands boldly out upon this the most prominent point in the landscape, with the houses of the little town withdrawing on a dozen different levels behind. In the warlike days when no point of vantage which a pirate could seize upon was left undefended or assailable, it is probable that there was no loggia from which to watch the western illuminations. But peace has been so long on the Riviera that the loggia too was antique, the parapet crumbling and gray. It opened from a large room, very lofty, and with much faded decoration on the upper walls and roof, which was the *salone* or drawing-room, beyond which was an anteroom, then a sort of library, a dining-room, a succession of bedchambers; much space,

little furniture, sunshine and air unlimited, and a view from every window which it was worth living to be able to look out upon night and day. This, however, at the moment of which we write was shut out all along the line, the green *persiani* being closed, and nothing open but the loggia, which was still cool and in the shade. The rooms lay in a soft green twilight, cool and fresh; the doors were open, from one to another, affording a long vista of picturesque glimpses.

From where Waring had thrown himself down to rest, he looked straight through over the faded formality of the anteroom with its large old chairs, which were never moved from their place, across his own library, in which there was a glimmer of vellum binding and old gilding, to the table with its white tablecloth, laid out for breakfast in the eating-room. The quiet soothed him after a while, and perhaps the evident preparations for his meal, the large and round flask of Chianti which Domenico was placing on the table, the vision of another figure behind Domenico with a delicate dish of mayonnaise in her hand. He could distinguish that it was a mayonnaise, and his angry spirit calmed down. Noon began to chime from the campanile, and Frances came in without her hat and with the eagerness subdued in her eyes. "Breakfast is ready, papa," she said. She had that look of knowing nothing and guessing nothing beyond what lies on the surface, which so many women have.

She was scarcely to be called a woman, not only because of being so young, but of being so small, so slim, so light, with such a tiny figure, that a stronger breeze than usual would, one could not help thinking, blow her away. Her father was very tall, which made her tiny size the more remarkable. She was not beautiful — few people are to the positive degree; but she had the prettiness of youth, of round, soft contour and peachlike skin, and clear eyes. Her hair was light brown, her eyes dark brown, neither very remarkable; her features small and clearly cut, as was her figure, no slovenliness or want of finish about any line. All this pleasing exterior was very simple and easily comprehended, and had but little to do with her, the real Frances, who was not so easy to understand. She had two faces, although there was in her no guile. She had the countenance she now wore, as it were for daily use — a countenance without expression, like a sunny, cheerful morning in which there is neither care

nor fear — the countenance of a girl calling papa to breakfast, very punctual, knowing that nobody could reproach her as being half of a minute late, or having a hair or a ribbon a hair's-breadth out of place. That such a girl should have ever suspected anything, feared anything — except perhaps gently that the mayonnaise was not to papa's taste — was beyond the range of possibilities; or that she was acquainted with anything in life beyond the simple routine of regular hours and habits, the sweet and gentle bond of the ordinary, which is the best rule of young lives.

Frances Waring had sometimes another face. That profile of hers was not so clearly cut for nothing; nor were her eyes so lucid only to perceive the outside of existence. In her room, during the few minutes she spent there, she had looked at herself in her old-fashioned dim glass, and seen a different creature. But what that was, or how it was, must show itself further on. She led the way into the dining-room, the trimmest composed little figure, all England embodied — though she scarcely remembered England — in the self-restrained and modest toilet of a little girl accustomed to be cared for by women well instructed in the niceties of feminine costume; and yet she had never had any one to take counsel with except an Italian maid-of-all-work, who loved the brightest primitive colors, as became her race. Frances knew so few English people that she had not even the admiration of surprise at her success. Those she did know took it for granted that she got her pretty, sober suits, her simple, unelaborate dresses, from some very excellent dressmaker at "home," not knowing that she did not know what home was.

Her father followed her, as different a figure as imagination could suggest. He was very tall, very thin, with long legs and stooping shoulders, his hair in limp locks, his shirt-collar open, a velvet coat — looking as entirely adapted to the locality, the conventional right man in the right place as she was the woman. A gloomy look, which was habitual to him, a fretful longitudinal pucker in his forehead, the hollow lines of ill-health in his cheeks, disguised the fact that he was, or had been, a handsome man; just as his extreme spareness and thinness made it difficult to believe that he had also been a very powerful one. Nor was he at all old, save in the very young eyes of his daughter, to whom forty-five was venerable. He might have been an artist or a poet of a misanthropi-

cal turn of mind; though when a man has chronic asthma, misanthropy is unnecessary to explain his look of pain and fatigue and disgust with the outside world. He walked languidly, his shoulders up to his ears, and followed Frances to the table, and sat down with that air of dissatisfaction which takes the comfort out of everything. Frances either was inaccessible to this kind of discomfort, or so accustomed to it that she did not feel it. She sat serenely opposite to him, and talked of indifferent things.

"Don't take the mayonnaise, if you don't like it, papa; there is something else coming that will perhaps be better. Mariuccia does not at all pride herself upon her mayonnaise."

"Mariuccia knows very little about it; she has not even the sense to know what she can do best." He took a little more of the dish, partly out of contradiction, which was the result which Frances hoped.

"The lettuce is so crisp and young, that makes it a little better," she said with the air of a connoisseur.

"A little better is not the word; it is very good," he said fretfully; then added with slight sigh: "Everything is better for being young."

"Except people, I know. Why does young mean good with vegetables and everything else, and silly only when it is applied to people?—though it can't be helped, I know."

"That is one of your metaphysical questions," he said with a slight softening of his tone. "Perhaps because of human jealousy. We all like to discredit what we haven't got, and most people you see, are no longer young."

"Oh, do you think so, papa? I think there are more young people than old people."

"I suppose you are right, Fan; but they don't count for so much, in the way of opinion at least. What has called forth these sage remarks?"

"Only the lettuce," she said with a laugh. Then, after a pause: "For instance, there were six or seven children in the party we met to-day, and only two parents."

"There are seldom more than two parents, my dear."

She had not looked up when she made this careless little speech, and yet there was a purpose in it, and a good deal of keen observation through her drooped eyelashes. She received his reply with a little laugh. "I did not mean that, papa; but that six or seven are a great deal

more than two, which of course you will laugh at me for saying. I suppose they were all English?"

"I suppose so. The father—if he was the father—certainly was English."

"And you knew him, papa?"

"He knew me, which is a different thing."

Then there was a little pause. The conversation between the father and daughter was apt to run in broken periods. He very seldom originated anything. When she found a subject upon which she could interest him, he would reply, to a certain limit; and then the talk would drop. He was himself a very silent man, requiring no outlet of conversation; and when he refused to be interested, it was a task too hard for Frances to lead him into speech. She on her side was full of a thousand unsatisfied curiosities, which for the most part were buried in her own bosom. In the mean time, Domenico made the circle of the table with the new dish, and his step and a question or two from his master were all the remarks that accompanied the meal. Mr. Waring was something of a *gourmet*, but at the same time he was very temperate, a conjunction which is favorable to fine eating. His table was delicately furnished with dishes almost infinitesimal in quantity, but superlative in quality; and he ate his dainty, light repast with gravity and slowly, as a man performs what he feels to be one of the most important functions of his life.

"Tell Mariuccia that a few drops from a fresh lemon would have improved this *ragout*—but a very fresh lemon."

"Yes, Excellency, *freschissimo*," said Domenico with solemnity.

In the household, generally nothing was so important as the second breakfast, except, indeed, the dinner, which was the climax of the day. The gravity of all concerned, the little, solemn movement round the white-covered table in the still, soft shade of the atmosphere, with those green *persiani* shutting out all the sunshine without, and the brown old walls bare of any decorations throwing up the group, made a curious picture. The walls were quite bare, the floor brown and polished, with only a square of carpet round the table; but the roof and cornices were gilt and painted with tarnished gilding and half-obliterated pictures. Opposite to Frances was a blurred figure of a cherub with a finger on his lip. She looked up at this faint image as she had done a hundred times, and was silent. He seemed to command the group, hovering over it like a little tutelary god.

From The Contemporary Review.  
FROM SIBERIA TO SWITZERLAND.

## THE STORY OF AN ESCAPE.

ESCAPES of political and other convicts from western Siberia are more frequent than is generally supposed, but from eastern Siberia, though often attempted, they seldom succeed. Save for convicts under sentence of penal servitude, and actually imprisoned, it is easy to elude the vigilance of the police and get away from a convict village or settlement, but it is almost impossible to get out of the country. The immense distances to be traversed, the terrible climate, lack of money, the absolute necessity of keeping to the high roads, prove, except in a very few instances, insuperable obstacles to final success. In order to be really free, moreover, it is imperative for a fugitive not only to pass the frontier of European Russia, but to reach some country where he runs no risk of falling into the clutches of the imperial police. Even in Germany he is liable to be recaptured, and is really safe only in England, France, or Switzerland. Hence, to make good a flight from eastern Siberia requires a conjuncture of so many favorable and nearly impossible circumstances as to render a complete escape a rare and remarkable event. But the incentives to escape are as great as the obstacles to success. No life can be more horrible than that of a political exile in the far east or far north of Siberia. Even at Irkoutsk the mean temperature is fifty degrees below the freezing-point of Réaumur; for many months of the year the sun in some parts of the country shines but two or three hours in the twenty-four, and for days together darkness covers the face of the land. A man untrained to manual labor, or unacquainted with the arts of trapping and killing wild animals and collecting peltry, turned adrift in the remoter parts of Siberia, runs the risk of perishing of hunger and cold. A Russian refugee, now at Geneva, tells that, during his sojourn in eastern Siberia, he spent the greater part of the long winter in bed, rising only to swallow some rancid oil, the sole food he could obtain. To escape from such a life as this a man will risk almost anything. Even incarceration in a central prison, or the penal servitude of the mines, can hardly be more terrible. The trouble is, that the way to freedom lies through western Siberia and Russia in Europe. The road south is barred by the wild tribes that haunt the frontiers of Mongolia and Man-

churia, who either kill or give up to the Russians all the fugitives that fall into their hands.

On the other hand, the escape of a prisoner or of a convict under sentence of penal servitude is far more difficult than the flight of an involuntary exile; the latter may leave when he will, the former must either break out of prison or evade his guardians, and being soon missed he runs great risk of being quickly recaptured. How, in one instance at least, by boldness, address, presence of mind, and good luck, the difficulties were overcome, the following narrative, related, as nearly as possible, in Debagorio Mokrievitch's own words, will show. Other fugitives, for instance Nicolas Lopatin, a gentleman now living at Geneva, who escaped from Vercholensk in 1881, may have encountered great hardships, but, being exiles at large, they were neither so soon missed nor so quickly pursued. Debagorio was under sentence of penal servitude, and the flight from Siberia of a man condemned to penal servitude is almost unexampled. Even rarer than an escape is the true account of one, related by the fugitive himself. Imaginary accounts exist in plenty, but, so far as I am aware, no authentic personal narrative of an escape from eastern Siberia — at any rate in English or French — has ever before been given to the world.

I first heard of Mokrievitch in May, 1881, a few days after his arrival in Geneva, and through the kindness of Prince Krapotkin obtained (and communicated to a London newspaper) a brief sketch of his fellow-exile's adventures; but for certain reasons, that exist no longer, it was not considered expedient to publish the full and complete account which the reader will find in the following pages.

WILLIAM WESTALL.

## THE ARREST.

ON the evening of February 11, 1879, several friends of the revolutionary cause, of whom I was one, met at Yvitchevitche's lodgings, in the house Kossarovsky, Yleanski Street, Kieff, the town where I was then living. After a short conversation, Anton, myself, and several others left the house with the intention of passing the rest of the evening with our friend Madame Babitchev. The inevitable samovar was bubbling on the table, our hospitable hostess gave us a warm welcome, cigarettes were lighted, conversation was joined, and an hour or more passed very pleasantly.

Anton was the first to leave, and he could hardly have reached the street when we were startled by a loud report like the firing of a pistol. We stared at each other in consternation, and Strogov, running into the anteroom, looked through the window and listened at the door, in order to find out what had happened. In a few minutes he came back with satisfactory tidings. Nothing unusual seemed to be stirring in the street; and he attributed the report we had heard to the banging of a door in a neighboring *café*. So we resumed our conversation and our tea-drinking with quiet minds. But five minutes later we were again disturbed; this time by sounds the character of which there was no mistaking. The trampling of heavy feet in the vestibule, hurried exclamations, words of command, and the rattling of arms, told us only too well with whom we had to do.

The police were upon us.

Notwithstanding our desire to resist, we knew that we should be compelled to yield without a blow. There was not a weapon amongst us. A few seconds were passed in anxious thought. Then the double-winged doors were thrown violently open, and we saw that the anteroom was occupied by a detachment of soldiers, with bayonets lowered and ready to charge. From the right flank came the words, loud and clear: "Will you surrender, gentlemen? I am the officer in command of the detachment."

I looked round and recognized in the officer with the gendarme uniform and drawn sword, Soudeikin in person, then a subaltern in the Kieff gendarmerie, later the famous chief of the political police of the capital.

Despite the imposing military array, the haughty bearing of the officer, the glittering bayonets and stern looks of the soldiers, and the unpleasant sense of having fallen into their toils, the whole affair seemed to me just a little amusing, and I could not help smiling, and saying, in answer to Soudeikin's summons, "Are we then a fortress, Mr. Officer, that you call upon us to surrender?"

"No; but your comrades —" the rest of the sentence, owing to the din, I did not catch.

"What comrades?" I asked.

"You will soon see," replied Soudeikin.

Then he ordered his men to search us, after which we were to be taken to the police office.

The searching over, we were surrounded by thirty or forty soldiers, with arms

at the trail, and conducted to the Libed police station. Even before we reached our destination we could see that something unusual had happened. The building was lighted up, and there was an excited crowd about the door. After mounting the staircase we were led into the waiting room. It was filled with armed men. Pushing my way through the press, I saw on the other side of the room several of our friends. But, my God, what a state they were in! Posen and Steblin Kamensky were bound hand and foot; the cords so tightly drawn that their elbows, forced behind their backs, actually touched. Close to them were Mesdames Arnfeld, Sarandovitch, and Patalizina. It was evident that something extraordinary had befallen in the house of Kossarovsky, shortly after we left. I could not, however, ask our friends any questions, for that would have been taken as proof that we were acquainted. Yet, from a few words dropped here and there, I soon learnt what had come to pass. They had resisted the police, a gendarme had been killed, and all whom we had left at the meeting arrested.

I had hardly made this discovery when a disturbance was heard in the next room — trampling of feet, loud exclamations, and voices in contention, one of which I seemed to know. The next moment a man burst into the reception-room, literally dragging behind him two gendarmes, who tried in vain to stop him. His dishevelled hair, pale face, and flaming eyes, showed that he had been engaged in a struggle beyond his strength.

In a few minutes he was garotted and forced into a seat near us.

"Separate the prisoners one from another!" cried Colonel Novitzki.

On this each of us was immediately surrounded by four soldiers.

"If they resist, use your bayonets!" said the colonel.

After a short interval we were called one after another into the next room. I was called the last. On responding to the summons I found myself in the presence of several gendarmes and officers of police, by whom I was searched a second time.

"Have the goodness to state your name," said Colonel Novitzki, after the operation was completed.

"I would rather not," I answered.

"In that case I shall tell you who you are."

"You will do me a great pleasure," I replied.

"You are called Debagorio Mokrievitch," said the colonel.

"Yes, that is your name," put in Soudeikin.

"I am delighted to make your acquaintance, colonel," I answered, giving the military salute.

It would have been useless to deny my identity. My mother, my brother, and my sister were living at Kieff, and I did not want to have them compelled to confront the police and ordered to recognize me.

#### THE SENTENCE.

WE were lodged in the principal prison of Kieff. On April 20, we received copies of the indictment, drawn up by Strelnikoff, prosecuting advocate to the Military Tribunal (he was afterward killed at Odessa). We were, in all, fourteen prisoners, accused of sedition, of belonging to secret political societies, and of resisting the police. In order to give greater publicity to the trial, we resolved to have ourselves defended by counsel from St. Petersburg, and put forward a request to this effect. But after some delay we were informed that if we wanted advocates we must choose them from among the candidates for judgeships attached to the tribunal of Kieff, and therefore dependent for promotion on the functionary by whom the prosecution was to be conducted. Deeming this a practical denial of justice, we determined to take no active part whatever in the proceedings.

At six o'clock on the morning of April 20, we were taken before the tribunal. Eight of our party were men, six women. The first thing that struck me was the strength of the escort — more than a hundred Cossacks, besides gendarmes and policemen. Officers were running from group to group, giving orders and making arrangements, as if they were preparing for a general action. The women were led off first, after which we men were placed in a large barred carriage, so spacious indeed that we could all seat ourselves comfortably.

Then the procession moved off. At its head rode Gubernet, the chief of the police. After him came the captain of the gendarmerie, Rudov, an old school-fellow of mine. Our carriage was surrounded by Cossacks, the rear-rank men carrying loaded carbines. All the horses were put to the gallop, and the police, who feared a manifestation in our favor, had cleared the streets of spectators, and ordered a complete suspension of traffic.

Not a figure without uniform was to be seen, and strong bodies of troops occupied every street corner.

I need not describe the trial — if trial it can be called: it lasted four days, and ended in the condemnation of three of our number to death; the rest were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. My sentence was fourteen years and ten months' penal servitude.

We were led back to prison with precisely the same precautions as had been observed when we were taken before the tribunal. The people were not allowed by their presence in the street to show even silent sympathy, either with us, or with the cause for which we suffered and so many have perished.

After the verdict and the sentence life became a little easier for us. Instead of being compelled to take exercise one by one, we were now allowed to meet and walk about freely in the prison yard. The police had an object in granting us this indulgence. Before the trial several attempts had been made to take our photographs; but this we had resolutely refused to allow. For those who cherish hopes of regaining their liberty, the possession of their likeness by the police is strongly to be deprecated. We were now informed by the authorities of the gaol that unless we complied with their wishes in this matter our meetings and our walks would be stopped. We enjoyed our social intercourse immensely. It was an unspeakable comfort to us. Three of our little company were under sentence of death, the fate of three others trembled in the balance, and would be made known only at the foot of the scaffold. It was not possible that we could long remain together, and we offered to comply with the wish of our gaolers on condition that we should not be separated until the last. This condition being accepted, our photographs were taken.

The quarters of several of us were in an upper story of the prison, and from our grated windows we could watch the construction of the gallows. The place of execution was a plain about two-thirds of a mile from the prison gates. Those doomed to death, being on a lower story, did not witness these ghastly preparations, and none of us, of course, gave them a hint of what was going on.

At length, and only too swiftly, came the 13th of May. We had been told nothing, but from the completion of the gallows, the behavior of the warders, and from other signs, we thought that the

executions were fixed for the following day. The condemned thought so themselves. Although we did our utmost to keep outwardly calm, the farewells that evening were unspeakably sad. Most touching and agonizing of all was the parting of those who were to die on the morrow with those who expected to follow them a little later on to the scaffold and the grave. Two months afterwards Beltchomsky and Anisim Fedorow were hanged on the same gallows.

Five thousand soldiers and gendarmes escorted our doomed friends to the place of execution. On previous occasions the authorities had thought it well to do their hanging early in the morning, while people slept. This time they did it with pomp, circumstance, and parade. The cavalcade of death did not leave the prison gates until nearly noon; traffic was suspended, but the streets were crowded with spectators, and when the bodies of our comrades swung in the air, the military bands struck up a lively tune, as if they were rejoicing over some great victory.

#### SENT TO SIBERIA.

FROM the time of the execution to the date of our departure for Siberia nothing noteworthy came to pass. All sorts of rumors were current touching our destination and our fate. Every day brought a new conjecture or a fresh story. It was said that we were to be confined in one of the dreaded central prisons—that we were to be immured in the casemates of St. Peter and St. Paul—that we were to be sent to eastern Siberia, to western Siberia—to the island of Sakhalin—that we were not to be sent anywhere, but to stay where we were.

At length, on May 30, the question was settled. Ten prisoners, of whom I made one, were summoned to the office, and told that we were forthwith to take our departure—whither, our custodians refused to say. The next proceeding was to put two of our friends, who did not belong to the privileged order, in irons and to shave their heads. We others, being nobles, were to be spared this indignity until we reached our destination. For the present we were required only to don the ordinary convict costume, consisting of a long grey capote, marked on the back with a yellow ace for those sentenced to simple transportation, and with two aces for those condemned to penal servitude.

"Will you not tell us whither we are going?" asked one of our number of

General Gubernet, as we stepped into the van.

"To eastern Siberia," said the general, who stood near the door.

Then I knew my fate—fourteen years hard labor—possibly in a region of almost endless night, and as cold as the Polar regions.

The station of Koursk, the cities of Mzensk, Moscow, and Nijni Novgorod are passed in quick succession. At Nijni Novgorod we leave the railway and continue our journey, as far as Perm, by water. It is only here that we begin to realize that we are really on the road to Siberia. We are transferred to little three-horse carriages, with a soldier in front and a gendarme by the side of each prisoner. By leaning a little forward it is possible to see the vast horizon before us, and the forests and mountains that stretch for unknown distances on either side of the road. It is difficult to describe the feelings of a captive who for months, or it may be for years, has been under bolt and bar, and whose views have been limited to the blank walls of a prison, when he once more breathes the free air of heaven, and beholds nature in all her grandeur and her beauty. It is as if the liberty for which his soul has never ceased to yearn were opening to him her arms and bidding him be free.

The country through which we were passing was thinly peopled, the buildings and houses were few and far between. The broad highway was bordered in some places by brushwood, in others by immense forests. All sorts of fancies flitted through my brain. I thought of home—of father, mother, and friends—of the cause, of the incidents of my trial, and the dreary future that lay before me: fourteen years' hard labor in eastern Siberia—a hell hopeless as any conceived in the brain of Dante. And then plans of escape surged through my mind, each wilder and more fantastic than its fellow.

We travel night and day, always with the same soldier and gendarme, though not always with the same driver. On one occasion we change horses at midnight, and shortly afterwards I see that my guards are overcome by sleep. They nod and rouse themselves in turn; their efforts to keep awake are laughable. As for me, my thoughts hinder sleep, but an idea occurs to me, and I nod too, and, drawing myself into my corner, I snore. The stratagem succeeds. A few minutes later my gendarme is snoring loud enough to waken the dead. The soldier, who sits

before me, embraces his rifle with both hands and feet, and sways to and fro with the motion of the tarantass, now and then incoherently muttering in a guttural voice. He is deep in dreamland. I rise softly and look out into the night. A million stars are shining in the clear sky, and I can see that we are passing through a thick forest. A spring, a bound, and I could be among those trees. Once there, my guards can no more find me than the wolf that steals through the covert, for I am fleet of foot and eager for freedom. But dressed in this convict costume, how long should I be able to keep my freedom? To regain Russia I must follow the highroad, and the first soldier or gendarme I met would arrest me. True, I might throw away my capote, with its double ace, but I have no hat, and a bare-headed man would invite attention even more than one clad in the costume of a felon. Worse still, I have no arms. I could neither defend myself against wild animals nor kill game; and if I am compelled to take to the woods, game may be the only food I shall be able to procure.

No; I must abandon the idea now, and watch for a more favorable opportunity hereafter. As I come reluctantly to this conclusion I remember — it seemed like an inspiration — that the gendarme has a hat on his head and a revolver by his side. Why not take them? He is still fast asleep, snoring, if possible, harder than ever. I shall never have such another chance. I will do it: two minutes more and then — freedom.

I almost shout.

Holding my breath, and trying to still the beatings of my heart, I creep close to the sleeping man, and lay my hand gently on the hat. He makes no sign, and the next moment the hat is under my capote. Now the revolver! I lay hold of the butt, and try to draw it from the gendarme's belt. It does not come out easily — I pull again — pull a second time, and am preparing to pull a third time, when the snoring suddenly ceases.

Quick as thought I shrink into my corner, breathe deeply and pretend to sleep. The gendarme rouses himself, mutters, and passes his hand over his head. Then he searches all about him, and, evidently alarmed by the loss of his hat, he sleeps no more.

"Hallo, brother!" I say, "you seem to have lost your hat."

"I am afraid I have, sir," he answers in a puzzled voice, at the same time scratch-

ing his head, by way, probably, of keeping it warm.

"You see what it is to sleep on the road, my friend! Suppose, now, I had slipped out of the carriage! Nothing would have been easier."

"Oh, but you never thought of such a thing, and I am sure you would not do it, sir."

"But why?" I ask.

"Because I have done you no harm, and you do not want to get a poor fellow into trouble! You know yourself how severely gendarmes are dealt with who let their prisoners escape."

"Very well, brother, here is your hat, which I found and hid — just to frighten you a bit."

Just then we reached another station, and the poor fellow, as he put on his head-gear, thanked me quite pathetically, as much for not running away as for restoring his property.

#### THE CONVOY.

AT Krasnovarski we were put in prison again, and there remained several weeks, awaiting further orders as to our disposal, for, notwithstanding what we had been told at Kieff, there appeared to be still some doubt touching the fate in store for us. At length came the final instructions. We were to march with the chain gang of common prisoners to Irkoutsk. It was then that, as an expedient for avoiding penal servitude and eventually regaining my liberty, the idea of affecting an exchange first occurred to me. The device is one frequently practised among the outlaws of Siberia. This is the method of it: Two prisoners make a bargain, whereby one of the contracting parties takes the name and certificate and assumes the crime of the other, and *vice versa*. There is, in fact, a complete exchange of identities, and the one who gains by the exchange settles the difference by a money payment. The result is that the man condemned to hard labor becomes a Siberian settler, and the other takes his place at the mines or in gaol. The bargain may appear an unequal one, but a moneyless man will sometimes do a great deal for a small sum of ready cash — especially if he has a passion for gambling or drink — and there is always the possibility that, when the deceit is discovered, the more extreme penalty may not be enforced. In the mean time, moreover, the supposed political prisoner, who is generally of noble birth, enjoys a consideration and some material advantages

which are denied to the common malefactor.

During the long tramp of the chain gang these substitutions are effected without much difficulty. The escort being changed every two days, it is impossible for the members of it, in so short a time, to familiarize themselves with the names and condition of the ten or twelve score prisoners who compose the convoy. They can do no more than count heads, and when the officer in command of the party has delivered to his successor the same number of convicts, in each category, which he received from his predecessor, his task is fully acquitted. Whether they are the same persons he cannot undertake to say, and is never asked.

On August 20, or thereabouts — I am not sure to a day — we were once more *en route*, this time on foot. From Krasnovarski the distance is seven hundred English miles, and the journey, it was reckoned, would occupy about two months. I had thus ample time to make the acquaintance of my convict comrades and carry out the substitution.

We were now put under an altogether different *régime*. Hitherto we had not been able to exchange a word with anybody. I saw about me only my fellow political convicts, and might speak, when occasion required, to none but my guards. Now we were allowed to communicate freely with each other, and with the rather mixed society of which we formed a part. The gang consisted of one hundred and seventy persons of both sexes and of every class and age; from the babe in its mother's arms to the old man with snow-white hair. Most of them were peasants; yet several among us could claim the privileges of nobility. But the strength of the convoy diminished as we went on, for Krasnovarski is within the limits of eastern Siberia, and several prisoners were left as colonists at the villages through which we passed.

The escort consisted of an officer and thirty soldiers, armed with old-fashioned muskets. A detachment of three or four marched at the head of the column. The others marched at the side and were supposed to form a military chain. But it was so weak, relatively to its duties, as to be almost worthless, the convoy being increased to a portentous length by the baggage-wagons and the families of the prisoners who were following them into exile. After the baggage-wagons came two carriages occupied by gentlemen malefactors of the nobility, and three in which,

when they were footsore, rode the political prisoners.

About six o'clock in the evening the convoy generally reached the "half-stage," a building in which we pass the night. After a march of two days, or of a full day, we had a day's rest at one of the buildings known as *étapes*, or stages. On these occasions the prisoners are ranged in front of the building and counted. If the count be right the gates are opened, and with cries of joy the weary wayfarers throw themselves into the court. Then, pushing and hustling, clanking their chains and cursing like demons, they fight their way into the house, struggling desperately for the best places. The first comers take possession of the benches; the others lie where they can. When all are inside the gates are closed, but the doors are not barred until nightfall.

The "stage" is a small wooden barrack — with a large court, formed of palisades, in the rear — divided into several compartments, one of which is assigned to the nobles of the convoy; but like all the others it is far too little for its destined purpose. The prisoners are as closely packed as herrings in a barrel. A few only can find places on the benches. The others have to sleep on the damp and dirty floor. Next to the benches the most desirable spot is under them, for there it is a little cleaner and the sleepers are less likely to be disturbed than on the open floor.

The struggle for places over, the barrack yard becomes very lively. The prisoners are preparing the evening meal; some laying fires, others putting a few scanty morsels of food into a pot — for our fare is terribly meagre; others bringing water and making tea. After supper we are again counted, driven inside, and left there for the night. No one is allowed to go out for any purpose whatever; but as a substitute for latrines large wooden pails are placed in the corridor. The presence of these abominations among so many people in ill-ventilated rooms renders the air unutterably foul; its odor is something quite peculiar, as all who have had occasion to enter the prisoners' quarters at night, or, still worse, early in the morning, well know.

In the same corridor, but at the other end, is the *maidan*, a sort of itinerant shop, which serves at the same time as a club and gambling saloon; for the prisoners are much given to play. This maidan is an institution common to every Siberian convoy and gaol. The *markitant*, or

keeper of it, is always a prisoner. The post, which is much coveted and very profitable, is sold to the highest bidder, and the proceeds of the sale, often considerable, are added to the common hoard. For one of the first proceedings of the prisoners is to form themselves into a society, which is a faithful reproduction of the rural *mir*. They elect a *starosta*, who also acts as general cashier, and appoint him an assistant. The authorities, on their part, always recognize this system of self-government, and acknowledge the authority of the *starosta*. All orders are communicated through him, and he makes all payments on behalf of the community. He acts, in short, as general intermediary between the prisoners and their custodians — bribes, when it is necessary, the agents of justice, and pays a regular tribute to the executioner, in consideration whereof that official is good enough, often at the risk of his own back, to wield his whip with all possible consideration for the feelings of his victim.

The scene in the markitant's den on a rest day was very queer, and, well painted, would make a striking picture: the players round the capote-covered table, as excited and as intent over their game as if they were playing for thousands of roubles instead of fractions of kopecs — the shouting and gesticulating onlookers, following with keenest interest the varying fortunes of the game — a ruined gambler bargaining with the markitant for an advance on a coat, a pair of shoes, or an old watch — a convict asleep on the floor — another mending a rent in his clothes — a third hammering at his irons. He is widening the rings that shackle his legs, in order that he may slip them off when he is on the road — walking in irons not being precisely an amusement. The sentries and the officers cannot fail to hear the clang of the hammer, but the custom of removing irons while on the march is so common as to have the force of a recognized regulation, and is seldom, if ever, objected to by the commander of an escort.

Day followed day with unvarying monotony, but every one brought us nearer to our destination, and though I had not yet ventured to effect an exchange, I never wavered in my resolution to escape on the first favorable opportunity. Almost every day we met vagabonds, as runaway convicts are called, making for Russia. Their dress, their closely cropped hair, and their general appearance left no doubt as to their quality. Yet neither the officer of the escort nor the local authorities paid

the least attention to them, so common are fugitive convicts on Siberian roads. When they met us they would draw on one side, sometimes saluting the officer. I have known old friends meet in this way.

"Hallo, Ivan Ivanovitch, how goes it?" would call out one of the tramps to a man whom he recognized in the chain gang.

"Ah, is that you, Iliouschka?" would answer the other pleasantly. "What! have you become a vagabond\* already?"

"Yes, I am on the look-out for cheap lodgings; I dare say I shall soon get accommodated."

This in allusion to the certainty, sooner or later, of his recapture.

Political prisoners on the march enjoy privileges which are denied to ordinary convicts. They are not fettered; they can, when so disposed, ride in the carriages which accompany the convoy, and they are allowed fifteen kopecs (threepence) a day for food. On the other hand, the orders in our regard given to the officers of the escort were exceedingly stringent; orders, however, which for the

\* As vagabonds are frequently mentioned in this narrative, and Mokrievitch himself became one of them, it may be well to explain that the wanderers so designated are simply tramps unfurnished with passports. A double stream of these waifs is always on the move through Siberia — one towards the east, the other towards the west — the latter free, the former generally in bonds. Many of the involuntary settlers either do not take kindly to work, or find their lot intolerable, and so make off on the first opportunity, begging their way, and living on the charity of the peasants, who never refuse a destitute traveller a crust of bread and a night's lodging. Not a few of these wanderers sink under the hardships to which they are exposed, or freeze to death in the forests, and the survivors are nearly always arrested before they reach the frontier of European Russia; but they cause the police a world of trouble. Having no papers, they are able to give false names, and deny being fugitive transports — which they almost invariably do. There is then nothing for it but to write to whatever address a man may give — generally some remote village — and inquire if he is known there. Should the answer be in the negative, the fact is taken as proof of the paperless one's guilt, and he is sent back in chains to the interior of Siberia. As likely as not, however, it will be in the affirmative, for there prevails among these outcasts a strange yet regular trade in what the vagabonds call "nests." For instance, Ivan Ivanovitch, being in want of money, sells to Peter Iliouschka, who has a few kopecs to spare, the name and address of some mujik of his acquaintance, who long ago left his native village for parts unknown — or, perhaps, his own name and address. This is Peter's nest, and when he falls into the hands of the police he tells them he is Paul Lubovitch, from, let us say, Teteriwino, in the government of Koursk. On this, a missive is sent to the *starosta* of Teteriwino, who replies, in due course, to the effect that the village did once possess a Paul Lubovitch, but whether the person in question be the same man he is unable to say. The next proceeding is to send the *sot-dizant* Paul to Teteriwino for identification. This proceeding naturally results in the detection of the imposture, whereupon our friend Peter is condemned to a new term of exile, and sent back whence he came.

most part it was impossible to execute. For instance, they were enjoined to keep us always apart and not let us on any account mix with the other prisoners. But the weakness of the escort, and above all, the arrangement of the buildings at the étapes, or halting-places, rendered observance of this injunction so extremely difficult that it was seldom enforced.

#### THE SUBSTITUTION.

WE were within fourteen days of Irkoutsk before I succeeded in effecting an exchange of identities with a convict condemned to simple exile. Many others followed my example. Of the one hundred and seventy men who composed the convoy not more than fifty were under sentence of penal servitude, and at least twenty of them obtained substitutes. So far as the prisoners were concerned, this was done quite openly; concealment, in fact, would have been impossible, even if it had been necessary—and it was not necessary; for so long as the convoy held together, and the communistic organization endured, betrayal was not to be feared. The traitor would have died within a few hours of his treason by the hand of one of his comrades—and this all knew.

My substitute, a peasant by origin and a burglar by profession, agreed to the exchange of identities in consideration of a sum of sixteen shillings in coin, a pair of boots and a flannel blouse. Two days before our arrival at the étape, where it was arranged to carry the agreement into effect, I pretended to have a bad tooth-ache, bound up my face with a pocket-handkerchief, and at the half-way halting-place remained all the time on the bench that served for a bed, as if I were distracted with pain. This I did to hide my features from the soldiers of the escort, one of whom, sharper than his fellows, might otherwise possibly discover the stratagem. The risk was too great, my longing for liberty too intense, to permit me to neglect a single precaution.

Exchanges were most easily effected at the principal halting-places because the escort was changed there. Among the common prisoners the transaction was conducted in the simplest way imaginable. At the roll-call the contracting parties answered respectively to each other's name, took each other's places, and the thing was done. In the case of a political prisoner under special surveillance, just then very stringent, the operation entailed greater risk and demanded more care. I arranged with my substitute that the mo-

ment we arrived at the étape in question, he should follow me to an obscure corner of the barrack yard—to speak plainly, to the latrine. The plan succeeded to admiration. In a few minutes we had exchanged dresses. Pavlov, my burglar friend, was transformed into a political prisoner of the nobility, and I became a common malefactor in irons. Though in face as unlike as possible, we were about the same height and build, and, at a distance, might easily be mistaken one for another.

The delivery of the gang to the new escort went off without difficulty. Pavlov lay on a bench with his face bound up. Nobody took any notice either of him or of me, and when the old escort marched away, we knew we were safe. The moment they were gone I went into the common room and got myself shaved and my hair cut close to my head, so that my coiffure might resemble that of my new comrades.

I wondered then, and I have often wondered since, at the ease with which my custodians were deceived in the matter of this substitution. On the register I was set down as a former medical student. I had, therefore, been a member of a university; Pavlov, on the other hand, was almost wholly illiterate. He could hardly open his mouth without betraying his origin and showing his ignorance. His appearance, moreover, was little in harmony with his new character. I, as a noble, had worn my hair and beard long, while his head was closely cropped, and he wore no beard at all. How could all this fail to excite suspicion? For three weeks he acted as my substitute, and it never seems to have occurred either to the officers of the escort or the authorities of Irkoutsk that the *soi-disant* Debagorio Mokrievitch was not the real Simon pure. But for the denunciation—of which I shall speak presently—I do not believe the secret ever would have been discovered, always supposing that Pavlov kept the compact, and he really behaved very well. One day an officer of the escort, seeing by the register that I was a medical student, consulted my substitute touching some ailment he had, and Pavlov, with an impudence that bordered on the sublime, gave him the benefit of his advice. He was fortunately not called upon to put his prescription in writing.

It may be asked why I did not profit by the laxity of the escort during the first part of the journey to escape before we reached our destination. Because I should have

been missed at the first halting-place, and by means of the telegraph and an active pursuit, immediately recaptured: I could have had only a few hours' start, and I wanted, at the least, several days.

After the substitution I marched as a common felon on foot, carrying my irons; my allowance was reduced to twopence a day, while Pavlov had threepence, and could vary the monotony of the way by riding in one of the carriages provided for the political prisoners.

About October 20, 1879, we reached Irkoutsk, where we were to be received and inspected by the higher authorities. Towards eight o'clock in the evening we entered the central prison and were taken into a large room with three doors and two exits. One of these was open and led into an adjoining room, where the inspection took place. Our starosta, standing on the doorstep, called the prisoners one by one, and each, as he was summoned, went into the room, carrying with him his poor belongings, in order that it might be ascertained if he still possessed the articles given him by the crown. This done, he passed on into a further apartment, where the prisoners were to be quartered for the night.

At length came my turn.

"Pavlov!" shouts the starosta.

"Here," I answer, and, taking up my bag, I enter the audience chamber, and find myself in the presence of several important-looking functionaries, sitting at a big table covered with registers.

"Paul Pavlov?" says the presiding councillor, and then, after favoring me with a fugitive glance, he bends once more over his books.

"Yes, your nobleness," I reply, doing my best to speak and look like a peasant prisoner.

"For what crime were you judged?"

"For burglary, your nobleness."

"Are the effects given you by the government all in order?"

"They are, your nobleness."

"Two shirts, two pairs of drawers, woollen trousers, great coat, pelisse, a pair of boots, leg irons?" enumerated the councillor, in a rapid, monotonous voice.

As each article is named, I say, "It is here," and during the interrogation an obscure personage fumbles in my bag to verify my statement.

This concluded the inspection, and after surrendering my fetters, which I removed without the help of a blacksmith, I passed into the apartment where I was to remain as a prisoner until they took me to the

village where I had to be interned as a settler.

I had not long to wait. The fifth day after our arrival the remaining vagabonds of the gang were sent further east, and there remained only the ordinary exiles and prisoners under sentence of penal servitude. An important consequence of the departure of the vagabonds — old offenders who formed the bulk of the convoy — was the break-up of our communistic organization, and the subsequent revelation of my secret.

On the following day the involuntary colonists, of whom I was now one, started for our final destination, a village some forty miles from Irkoutsk, and on November 1st, we arrived at Talminsky, the end of our long journey. For the last time we were paraded and counted in the court of the *volost*. Then, after our effects had been again examined, we received our registers and were handed over to the clerk of the village, who had orders to find us quarters.

The escort went one way, we went another, and we walked through the streets of the great village free men — within the limits assigned to us.

#### THE FLIGHT.

If I meant to escape I had no time to lose. At any moment I was liable to be betrayed. My comrades among the colonists, as also the prisoners we had left at Irkoutsk, all knew who I was. Any of these, by turning traitor, could earn a considerable reward; even a slight indiscretion might reveal the secret, and the disclosure of my identity to the authorities would lead to my immediate arrest. It was therefore necessary to go at once; yet I could not start on so long a journey without money, and I did not possess a kopeck. So I sold my great coat, my woollen trousers, and my gloves, for a rouble and a half. It was not much. After this depletion of my wardrobe, my costume left a good deal to be desired. A regulation pelisse, a fur cap, thin trousers, and ordinary underclothing, did not afford much protection against the intense cold of a Siberian winter. But I dared not hesitate. On November 2nd, at ten o'clock, before noon, I set out from the village. The morning, though cold, was clear and quiet. I made no attempt to hide my quality; it was evident to everybody. My yellow regulation pelisse and closely cropped head showed clearly enough that I was a vagabond. But this gave me little anxiety; I had observed that in eastern

Siberia vagabonds were neither arrested nor questioned. It would be the same with me, I thought, and in this expectation I was not disappointed. My journey as a vagabond lasted about eight days, and I suffered much both from hunger and cold. In the valleys — for the country was hilly — I often experienced a cold so intense that I thought my limbs would freeze as I walked. Sometimes the valley bottoms were filled with a thick fog. Going through one of those fogs was like taking a bath of pins and needles — so keen was the cold — and, though on these occasions I always ran, one of my knees became frost-bitten — my pelisse not being long enough to cover my legs, which were clothed only in light cotton pantaloons.

I generally passed the night in the bath-room of some peasant after the manner of vagabonds, for nobody in Siberia, however poor, is without a vapor bath, the vapor being produced by pouring water on red-hot stones.

One afternoon, just as night was closing in, I reached a village and sought a lodging. I had heard from the experienced vagabonds of the gang that it was always better to ask charity or help from the poor than from the well-to-do. Never, they said, when you are on the tramp, knock at the door of a rich man's house. Go rather to the most wretched cabin you can find.

This rule, based on a wide experience and a profound truth — for the poor naturally receive more sympathy from the poor than from the well-to-do — I deemed it expedient to follow. At the end of the village in question I found a cabin of unprepossessing aspect, and, concluding that it was exactly what I wanted, I went in, making, as I entered, the sign of the cross before the picture of a saint, as is the custom in Russia. Then I greeted my hosts.

"Good-day, my boy," answered the peasant, an old man with a long white beard, in a kindly voice.

"Could you sell me a bit of bread?" I asked; for though I travelled as a vagabond I did not like to beg after the manner of vagabonds, and always tendered a piece of money for what I received.

"Yes, you can have bread," said the old man, handing me a loaf.

"Thank you, father; and may I pass the night in your house?"

"I fear that is impossible, my boy. You are a vagabond, aren't you? They are very severe just now about vagabonds, the police are. If you take in a man with-

out a passport you may get fined. Where do you come from, my boy?"

"From the convoy."

"I thought so. I was right then. You are a vagabond."

I answered with a supplicatory gesture, and I dare say I looked cold enough and wretched enough to move the compassion of a harder-hearted man than this good old peasant.

"You fellows generally sleep in the baths, don't you?" he said after a pause. "Well, go into mine if you like; I can put you nowhere else. And I have heated it to-day; you will be warm."

So picking up my loaf, and laying on the table a few kopecks — nobody ever thinks of bargaining with a wanderer — I leave the house. The bath is hard by, and on going in I find that it is quite warm, as the old man had said. The heat is so great, indeed, that I can dispense with my pelisse.

These peasants' bath-rooms are seldom supplied with a chimney. The stones are heated in the middle of the room, and the smoke, after blackening the rafters, finds its way out as best it can. There were no windows, and, in order to look round, I had to light one of the tallow candles which I carried in my bag. They were very useful for rubbing my feet with after a long march. I was in no hurry to sleep, and before lying down on the wooden bench which was to be my couch I had a little operation to perform. My yellow pelisse proclaimed my quality a long way off. That was an inconvenience, and in certain easily conceivable circumstances, might lead to awkward consequences. I meant to change its color. This I did by smearing the garment with a mixture composed of tallow from my candles and soot from the wall. It was not a very fast black perhaps, but it answered the purpose. Henceforth, nobody, without a pretty close inspection, would perceive that I was a vagabond on the tramp.

This done, I lay down on the bench and was soon fast asleep. I must have slept an hour or two when I was wakened by the creaking of the door, and I heard the heavy steps of a man entering the room. As it was pitch dark I could not see him, and I did not think it worth while to strike a light. The new-comer seemed to be of the same opinion, for, without speaking a word, he groped his way towards my bench and laid down beside me. Though he touched my body he made no remark, and a few moments later I could tell by his regular breathing

that he was fast asleep. Then I slept again, and did not open my eyes until I was wakened by the cold—for the bathroom had lost all its warmth, and the temperature was far below freezing point. So I rose from my couch, donned my pelisse, and, though the sun had not yet risen, I left my snoring bed-fellow, whom I never saw, to his slumbers and resumed my journey.

My plan was to reach the house of a friend about one hundred and fifty miles from the village where I had been interned. To traverse a region as large as Europe without money was quite out of the question, and even if I had succeeded in doing so it would have been impossible, without papers, either to cross the frontier or leave the country. It is hardly necessary to say that I took care never to ask my way. That would have been a great imprudence. And there was little need, for the roads in Siberia are so few that it is scarcely possible to go wrong. According to my reckoning I was still about thirty miles from my destination. Shortly after leaving the village I saw, near a little cabin by the roadside, a man who eyed me keenly. From his short hair and stubby beard I guessed that he was a recently arrived colonist who had come into the country with a chain gang.

"Won't you come in, brother," he said, "and rest yourself and take a cup of tea?" I accepted the invitation with pleasure, for I had not broken my fast. We entered the cabin together. It was very small, and on a brick hearth was sitting a woman, probably the exile's wife. My host asked me to take a seat and began to prepare the samovar, an appliance which is found in every Siberian cottage. As we drank we talked.

"Is it a long time since you left the gang?" asked my entertainer.

"Quite lately. I belonged to convoy number four."

"You have turned vagabond then, brother?"

"Yes, what is the good of staying here?"

"You are quite right," returned the exile bitterly. "The country is abominable. I shall do the same thing myself in a month or two. Which way do you go—by the Angara road?"

I gave him an itinerary, though not exactly the one I meant to follow.

"I know all these places well," observed my host. "But do you know you will have to be prudent. The authorities hereabouts are very vicious just now."

They arrest every wayfarer they see. You must look out, my brother, or they will arrest you."

"What would you advise me to do, then?" I asked, greatly alarmed at this news.

"I will tell you, brother; listen!"

And then he gave me very valuable information; described the villages through or near which I should have to pass, indicating at the same time those that were dangerous and the footpaths by which I might avoid them. He gave me the names and described the dwellings of the peasants with whom I might lodge, and, in a word, told me everything which it was important for a wandering outlaw to know.

"But why," I asked, "are the police so active just now? I thought this road was one of the safest for vagabonds in the whole country."

"God knows. Perhaps they have found a body somewhere and are looking for the murderer."

I made no remark, but I thought it was much more likely that they had discovered my flight and were looking for me. And so it proved.

After finishing the tea we talked a little longer, and as I took my leave I thanked my host warmly for his hospitality and information.

When I reached the last village before that at which lived my friend, I was quite overcome with fatigue, and faint with hunger and cold; but I counted on a long and quiet rest in the cottage of a peasant woman whose address had been given me by the friendly exile. It was at the extremity of the village, and to get thither I had to pass the headquarters of the communal authorities. In the light of the exile's warning, and my own fears, this seemed a sufficiently dangerous enterprise. Albeit I put on air of indifference and took care not to increase my pace, yet I could not avoid an occasional backward glance to see if I was being followed. No one, however, seemed to notice me, and I reached my destination without receiving any unpleasant attentions. The peasant woman welcomed me kindly, if not very effusively. But she was a dear good soul, gave me of her best, and let me lie on a bench and pass the night in her house.

About two hours before sunrise my hostess came into the kitchen and began to busy herself with preparations for breakfast. But I remained stretched on my bench; the cottage was warm, I felt

very comfortable, and I saw no reason for hurry. The day was before me, and I had not far to go. So I turned round on my wooden couch and was just sinking into a second slumber when I heard the sound of bells, such as post-chaises and mail-carts in Russia invariably carry.

"Bells!" I cried, starting up. "Does a mail-coach run on this road?"

"No," answered the peasant, "we have no mail-coach here; it is probably a private carriage which is passing through the village."

Meanwhile the bells came nearer; then the sound suddenly ceased, as it seemed not far from the cottage. I did not like this at all. What could it mean?

"Would you mind going to see what or whose carriage it is?" I said. She went, and as the door closed behind her, I jumped off my bench and put on my clothes.

In a few minutes she was back with the news that the carriage belonged to the gendarmes, and that they were questioning the *starosta* and the clerk.

"The gendarmes!" I exclaimed, "who says so — where are they from?"

"From Irkoutsk. It is the coachman himself who told me. He thinks they are after a political runaway."

"In that case, I had better be going," I said, laughing. "They may perhaps think I am the man. Now look here — if they ask you any questions, know nothing. If you do it may be worse for you; they may make you pay a fine. Good-by" (putting the last of my kopecks on the table).

"Good-by," answered my hostess; "don't be uneasy. I shall not say a word." She was a worthy woman, and a friend in need, that old peasant.

I went out. It was still dark, and I might creep through the village without being seen. The last of the houses passed, I ran at the top of my speed, for I felt sure that the pursuers were at my heels, and the possibility of being retaken enraged me almost past endurance. I had been denounced shortly after leaving the settlement, of that there could be no doubt. But how had the police managed to trace me so soon? I had been very careful, neglected no conceivable precaution, given misleading answers to all who questioned me about my past movements and future plans. I had made long *detours* to avoid the larger villages, and during the latter part of my journey put up only with the most trusted friends of vagabond wanderers. Yet the gendarmes

had followed me step by step to my very last resting-place, and but for the friendly warning of the bells I should certainly have been recaptured, for I could not have left the village by daylight without being seen. Even now I was in imminent danger; my safety absolutely depended on my reaching my friend's house at once, and lying a long time in hiding. Though I had never been there, I knew the place so well by description — its situation and appearance were so vividly impressed on my mind — that I could find it, even in the dark, without asking a question. It was only about seven miles from the village I had just left. But how could I get thither unperceived? For if I was seen by a single person entering my friend's house, it might be the ruin of us both. Something must be decided on the instant. Day was dawning, the gendarmes were behind me, and by the barking of the dogs I reckoned that the village where dwelt my friend could not be more than two miles away. I looked round. On one side of the road were open fields; on the other thick brushwood grew. As yet, I had not met a soul — nobody could tell the gendarmes in which direction I had gone — but it was now no longer dark, and if I went on, I might encounter a peasant or a wayfarer any moment. Only one thing could be done; I must hide somewhere — even at the risk of being frozen stiff — and remain hidden until sundown, when I might perchance gain my friend's house unperceived. Among the bushes! Yes, that was the place, I could lie *perdu* there all day. But just as I was about to put this plan into execution, another thought came to trouble me. How about my footsteps? Fresh snow had fallen in the night, and the police could follow me to my hiding-place as easily as a hound tracks a deer to his lair. And then I bethought me of an ingenious artifice, about which I had read in some romance. Turning my face to the road I walked backwards towards the bushes, taking care at every step to make a distinct impression on the snow. It was now quite daylight, and a little way off I could see two summer cabins of the Buriats — in winter always empty. Thither I went, always backward, and entering one of the cabins remained there the whole day and far into the night. When I thought all the peasants would be indoors, I stole quietly out, and going stealthily and with many precautions to my friend's house, knocked in fear and misgiving at his door.

To my great relief he opened it himself.

"I should not have recognized you, if I had not just heard all your history," he said, after we had exchanged greetings.

"I am very curious to see myself," I returned, approaching a mirror which hung on the wall. "I have not seen a looking-glass since my arrest."

I was so much altered that I hardly knew myself. I saw before me the reflection of a wild, strange, haggard face, and I could almost have believed I was somebody else.

"When did you hear of my flight?" I asked.

"To-day. There has been quite an inquest here. The gendarmes questioned everybody and searched every house. They followed you step by step to the last village. They found out where you passed the night, and then they seem to have lost the scent entirely. Where have you been?"

I told him.

"Did anybody see you come here?"

"Not a soul."

"Good. All the same, you must not stay here an hour longer than we can help. It would be too dangerous. The police are baffled; but they have by no means given up the quest, and as likely as not will be here again to-morrow. You must not sleep here."

"Where then?"

"At my farm. But first of all you must change your skin."

As he spoke, my friend in need opened a cupboard, and took therefrom some garments in which, when I had arrayed myself and had a good wash, I looked and felt like a new man.

"Is your farm far from here?" I asked, as we sat down to supper.

"About twenty-five versts (fifteen miles), in the depth of the forest, far from any highway. Hunting parties from Irkoutsk visit us there sometimes. Your coming will, therefore, be no surprise for the servants. It is true your hair is just a little short (looking at my head); but that is nothing. You have had typhoid fever, and are going to recruit your strength in the forest. You look haggard enough to have had three fevers."

An hour later we were *en route*, my friend, who had lived many years in the country, himself taking the reins, and he contrived matters so well that nobody in the house knew either of my coming or my going. The police were thrown completely off the scent.

#### LIBERTY.

As I learned subsequently, my identity and my stratagem were revealed to the authorities by one of my comrades of the convoy shortly after I left Irkoutsk. But when the gendarmes went to the village of Talminsky, I had already vanished. Every effort was, however, made to retake me, the quest being kept up night and day for six weeks. Then it was rumored that a body found in the forest had been identified as mine, and that I had perished of hunger. According to another story, I had been arrested at Nijni Oudinsk, and was being brought back to Irkoutsk. Among the vagabonds who at this time were captured right and left on the highroads throughout the province, were several whom it pleased to call themselves by my name. The deceit was naturally soon detected, but while it lasted the deceivers enjoyed certain advantages, which helped to render their detention tolerable. Instead of walking they rode in carriages, and were accompanied by an escort, and being regarded as important prisoners, they were both better fed and better treated than common malefactors, while their audacity rendered them highly popular with their vagabond and convict comrades. There were at one time no fewer than four false Debagorio Mokrievitches in the gaol of Irkoutsk. The police sought me with great diligence among the political exiles of the province; a most stupid proceeding on their part, for to take refuge with the politicals would have been putting my head in the lion's mouth.

Three other men who about the same time attempted to escape were all recaptured.

I stayed in Siberia a year, making during that time several journeys to the eastward of Irkoutsk. At length, the police having abandoned all hope of finding me, I resolved to leave the country. A passport being absolutely necessary, I borrowed the name and obtained the papers of a gentleman recently deceased—Ivan Alexandrovitch Selivanoff. It was in the winter of 1880 that I set out on my long journey of thirty-six hundred miles. I travelled post, by way of Irkoutsk, Krasnoiarsk and Tomsk — towns through which, a twelvemonth before, I had passed as a prisoner. Rather a bold undertaking in the circumstances; but as I possessed an itinerary card signed by the governor of the province, giving me the right to relays of horses, I ran no great danger, and left the home of my hospitable friend with an easy mind.

During the journey I met from time to time gangs of prisoners on the way from Russia to Irkoutsk. The clanking of the irons, the yellow pelisses, the worn faces, the weary walk, and the shorn heads of these unfortunates — how familiar they all were, and how the sight of them thrilled me to the soul! And behind the chain gang came the wagons of the political prisoners, among whom, more than once, I recognized the face of a dear friend. But instead of jumping from my carriage and folding the poor fellows in my arms, I had to look the other way!

All went well with me, but once I had a terribly narrow escape of falling a second time into the toils. It so chanced that I passed through the province of Tobolsk in company with a *tchinovnik* (government employé), whose acquaintance I had made on the road, a big-paunched, rosy-cheeked fellow, with merry eyes and a mellow voice; and, being on his way home after a long absence, in high good humor and full of fun. Once, at the end of a long day's journey, we arrived about midnight at a town in the neighborhood of Tobolsk, and, being tired and sleepy, resolved to pass the rest of the night there. So we went into the travellers' room, ordered tea, and handed our itinerary cards to the starosta of the station, in order that he might make the necessary entries in the travellers' book. Before going to the sleeping-room we requested that the horses might be ready at seven o'clock next morning.

I slept the sleep of the just, rose betimes, and called for the starosta.

"Are the horses ready?" I asked. "And be good enough to bring hither our itinerary cards."

"The station master will himself bring your itinerary cards, and as for the horses they are already yoked up."

Half-an-hour later the station-master (otherwise director), came into our room, holding in his hand the itinerary cards.

"I am sorry to trouble you," he said politely; "but I should like to know which of you young gentlemen is Ivan Alexandrovitch Selivanoff?"

"At your service, sir," I answered, stepping forward.

The station-master looked at me with a ludicrous expression of bewilderment and surprise.

"A thousand pardons," he said at length, with a low bow. "But really — I don't quite understand. The fact is, I knew Mr. Selivanoff, and here I see the same surname and Christian name: the

name of the father is also the same, the *tchin* (rank) likewise! Yet I was told he had died — more than a year ago — but when I saw his name on the card I thought the news must be false, and I came to assure myself. I see that I am mistaken. A thousand pardons, sir, a thousand pardons," and again he saluted me still more profoundly than before.

I felt as if the ground were opening under my feet, and was thinking how on earth I should get out of the scrape, when my companion came — without knowing it — to the rescue.

"What a capital joke!" he shouted, clapping me on the back, and laughing so that he could hardly speak. "One might suppose that the worthy director takes you for an escaped prisoner with a dead man's passport. Ha, ha, ha, what a capital joke, to be sure!"

And holding his big belly with both hands, he balanced himself first on one foot and then the other, laughing the while, until he could hardly stand.

"You are quite right," I said, also laughing, though with considerable effort. "It is really an excellent joke. But seriously (turning to the station-master), the thing is easily explained. In the part I come from the Selivanoffs are as plentiful as blackberries. The late Ivan Alexandrovitch, your friend, and I were kinsmen, and had a great affection for each other; the name is so common in the province that I could introduce you to a dozen of my namesakes any day."

The station-master seemed satisfied with this explanation. At any rate, he made no objection to our departure, and shortly afterwards we were once more *en route*. But my companion, the *tchinovnik*, did not cease laughing for a long time. "To take you for a fugitive convict with a false passport!" he would say, "it is really too good," and whenever he remembered the incident he would laugh as if he never meant to stop. I remembered it, as may be supposed, with very different feelings. The escape was a very narrow one, and showed me how much I was still at the mercy of the slightest mishap. But this proved to be my last adventure and my last peril. In May, 1881, I reached Geneva, and felt that I was at last really free.

As most stories of Russian revolutionary life have necessarily, if they be true, a tragical termination, readers of the foregoing narrative may be pleased to know that M. Mokrievitch is still in a land

where he feels really free. Though one of the heroes of Russian liberty he has not yet become one of its martyrs. But the time may come when he, as many other fugitives have done, will return to the volcanic soil of his native country, there to take part in the struggle to death which, though unseen, goes always on, and must continue without truce and without surcease until the sun of freedom shall dawn in the empire of the night.

WILLIAM WESTALL.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE PORTRAIT.

A STORY OF THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

AT the period when the following incidents occurred I was living with my father at the Grove, a large old house in the immediate neighborhood of a little town. This had been his home for a number of years; and I believe I was born in it. It was a kind of house which, notwithstanding all the red and white architecture known at present by the name of Queen Aune, builders nowadays have forgotten how to build. It was straggling and irregular, with wide passages, wide staircases, broad landings; the rooms large but not very lofty; the arrangements leaving much to be desired, with no economy of space: a house belonging to a period when land was cheap, and so far as that was concerned, there was no occasion to economize. Though it was so near the town, the clump of trees in which it was environed was a veritable grove. In the grounds in spring the primroses grew as thickly as in the forest. We had a few fields for the cows, and an excellent walled garden. The place is being pulled down at this moment to make room for more streets of mean little houses,—the kind of thing, and not a dull house of faded gentry, which perhaps the neighborhood requires. The house was dull, and so were we, its last inhabitants; and the furniture was faded, even a little dingy,—nothing to brag of. I do not, however, intend to convey a suggestion that we were faded gentry, for that was not the case. My father, indeed, was rich, and had no need to spare any expense in making his life and his house bright if he pleased; but he did not please, and I had not been long enough at home to exercise any special influence of my own. It was the only home I had ever known; but except in my earliest childhood, and in my

holidays as a schoolboy, I had in reality known but little of it. My mother had died at my birth, or shortly after, and I had grown up in the gravity and silence of a house without women. In my infancy, I believe, a sister of my father's had lived with us, and taken charge of the household and of me; but she, too, had died long, long ago, my mourning for her being one of the first things I could recollect. And she had no successor. There was, indeed, a housekeeper and some maids,—the latter of whom I only saw disappearing at the end of a passage, or whisking out of a room when one of "the gentlemen" appeared. Mrs. Weir, indeed, I saw nearly every day; but a curtsey, a smile, a pair of nice round arms which she caressed while folding them across her ample waist, and a large white apron, were all I knew of her. This was the only female influence in the house. The drawing-room I was aware of only as a place of deadly good order, into which nobody ever entered. It had three long windows opening on the lawn, and communicated at the upper end, which was rounded like a great bay, with the conservatory. Sometimes I gazed into it as a child from without, wondering at the needlework on the chairs, the screens, the looking-glasses which never reflected any living face. My father did not like the room, which probably was not wonderful, though it never occurred to me in those early days to inquire why.

I may say here, though it will probably be disappointing to those who form a sentimental idea of the capabilities of children, that it did not occur to me either, in these early days, to make any inquiry about my mother. There was no room in life, as I knew it, for any such person; nothing suggested to my mind either the fact that she must have existed, or that there was need of her in the house. I accepted, as I believe most children do, the facts of existence, on the basis with which I had first made acquaintance with them, without question or remark. As a matter of fact, I was aware that it was rather dull at home; but neither by comparison with the books I read, nor by the communications received from my schoolfellows, did this seem to me anything remarkable. And I was possibly somewhat dull too by nature, for I did not mind. I was fond of reading, and for that there was unbounded opportunity. I had a little ambition in respect to work, and that too could be prosecuted undisturbed. When I went to the university,

my society lay almost entirely among men; but by that time and afterwards, matters had of course greatly changed with me, and though I recognized women as part of the economy of nature, and did not indeed by any means dislike or avoid them, yet the idea of connecting them at all with my own home never entered into my head. That continued to be as it had always been, when at intervals I descended upon the cool, grave, colorless place, in the midst of my traffic with the world: always very still, well-ordered, serious — the cooking very good, the comfort perfect — old Morphew, the butler, a little older (but very little older, perhaps on the whole less old, since in my childhood I had thought him a kind of Methuselah), and Mrs. Weir less active, covering up her arms in sleeves, but folding and caressing them just as always. I remember looking in from the lawn through the windows upon that deadly-orderly drawing-room, with a humorous recollection of my childish admiration and wonder, and feeling that it must be kept so forever and ever, and that to go into it would break some some sort of amusing mock mystery, some pleasantly ridiculous spell.

But it was only at rare intervals that I went home. In the long vacation, as in my school holidays, my father often went abroad with me, so that we had gone over a great deal of the Continent together very pleasantly. He was old in proportion to the age of his son, being a man of sixty when I was twenty, but that did not disturb the pleasure of the relations between us. I don't know that they were ever very confidential. On my side there was but little to communicate, for I did not get into scrapes nor fall in love, the two predicaments which demand sympathy and confidences. And as for my father himself, I was never aware what there could be to communicate on his side. I knew his life exactly — what he did almost at every hour of the day; under what circumstances of the temperature he would ride and when walk; how often and with what guests he would indulge in the occasional break of a dinner party, a serious pleasure, — perhaps, indeed, less a pleasure than a duty. All this I knew as well as he did, and also his views on public matters, his political opinions, which naturally were different from mine. What ground, then, remained for confidence? I did not know any. We were both of us of a reserved nature, not apt to enter into our religious feelings, for instance. There are many

people who think reticence on such subjects a sign of the most reverential way of contemplating them. Of this I am far from being sure; but, at all events, it was the practice most congenial to my own mind.

And then I was for a long time absent, making my own way in the world. I did not make it very successfully. I accomplished the natural fate of an Englishman, and went out to the colonies; then to India in a semi-diplomatic position; but returned home after seven or eight years, invalided, in bad health and not much better spirits, tired and disappointed with my first trial of life. I had, as people say, "no occasion" to insist on making my way. My father was rich, and had never given me the slightest reason to believe that he did not intend me to be his heir. His allowance to me was not illiberal, and though he did not oppose the carrying out of my own plans, he by no means urged me to exertion. When I came home he received me very affectionately, and expressed his satisfaction in my return. "Of course," he said, "I am not glad that you are disappointed, Philip, or that your health is broken; but otherwise it is an ill wind, you know, that blows nobody good — and I am very glad to have you at home. I am growing an old man —"

"I don't see any difference, sir," said I; "everything here seems exactly the same as when I went away —"

He smiled, and shook his head. "It is true enough," he said, "after we have reached a certain age we seem to go on for a long time on a plane, and feel no great difference from year to year; but it is an inclined plane — and the longer we go on, the more sudden will be the fall at the end. But at all events it will be a great comfort to me to have you here."

"If I had known that," I said, "and that you wanted me, I should have come in any circumstances. As there are only two of us in the world —"

"Yes," he said, "there are only two of us in the world; but still I should not have sent for you, Phil, to interrupt your career."

"It is as well, then, that it has interrupted itself," I said, rather bitterly; for disappointment is hard to bear.

He patted me on the shoulder, and repeated, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," with a look of real pleasure which gave me a certain gratification too; for, after all, he was an old man, and the only one in all the world to whom I owed

any duty. I had not been without dreams of warmer affections, but they had come to nothing—not tragically, but in the ordinary way. I might perhaps have had love which I did not want, but not that which I did want,—which was not a thing to make any unmanly moan about, but in the ordinary course of events. Such disappointments happen every day; indeed, they are more common than anything else, and sometimes it is apparent afterwards that it is better it was so.

However, here I was at thirty stranded—yet wanting for nothing, in a position to call forth rather envy than pity from the greater part of my contemporaries,—for I had an assured and comfortable existence, as much money as I wanted, and the prospect of an excellent fortune for the future. On the other hand, my health was still low, and I had no occupation. The neighborhood of the town was a drawback rather than an advantage. I felt myself tempted, instead of taking the long walk into the country which my doctor recommended, to take a much shorter one through the High Street, across the river, and back again, which was not a walk but a lounge. The country was silent and full of thoughts—thoughts not always very agreeable—whereas there were always the humors of the little urban population to glance at, the news to be heard, all those petty matters which so often make up life in a very impoverished version for the idle man. I did not like it, but I felt myself yielding to it, not having energy enough to make a stand. The rector and the leading lawyer of the place asked me to dinner. I might have glided into the society, such as it was, had I been disposed for that—everything about me began to close over me as if I had been fifty, and fully contented with my lot.

It was possibly my own want of occupation which made me observe with surprise, after a while, how much occupied my father was. He had expressed himself glad of my return; but now that I had returned, I saw very little of him. Most of his time was spent in his library, as had always been the case. But on the few visits I paid him there, I could not but perceive that the aspect of the library was much changed. It had acquired the look of a business-room, almost an office. There were large business-like books on the table, which I could not associate with anything he could naturally have to do; and his correspondence was very large. I thought he closed one of those books hurriedly as I came in, and pushed it

away, as if he did not wish me to see it. This surprised me at the moment, without arousing any other feeling; but afterwards I remembered it with a clearer sense of what it meant. He was more absorbed altogether than I had been used to see him. He was visited by men sometimes not of very prepossessing appearance. Surprise grew in my mind without any very distinct idea of the reason of it; and it was not till after a chance conversation with Morphew that my vague uneasiness began to take definite shape. It was begun without any special intention on my part. Morphew had informed me that master was very busy, on some occasion when I wanted to see him. And I was a little annoyed to be thus put off. "It appears to me that my father is always busy," I said hastily. Morphew then began very oracularly to nod his head in assent.

"A deal too busy, sir, if you take my opinion," he said.

This startled me much, and I asked hurriedly, "What do you mean?" without reflecting that to ask for private information from a servant about my father's habits was as bad as investigating into a stranger's affairs. It did not strike me in the same light.

"Mr. Philip," said Morphew, "a thing 'as 'appened as 'appens more often than it ought to. Master has got awful keen about money in his old age."

"That's a new thing for him," I said.

"No, sir, begging your pardon, it aint a new thing. He was once broke of it, and that wasn't easy done; but it's come back, if you'll excuse me saying so. And I don't know as he'll ever be broke of it again at his age."

I felt more disposed to be angry than disturbed by this. "You must be making some ridiculous mistake," I said. "And if you were not so old a friend as you are, Morphew, I should not have allowed my father to be so spoken of to me."

The old man gave me a half-astonished, half-contemptuous look. "He's been my master a deal longer than he's been your father," he said, turning on his heel. The assumption was so comical that my anger could not stand in face of it. I went out, having been on my way to the door when this conversation occurred, and took my usual lounge about, which was not a satisfactory sort of amusement. Its vanity and emptiness appeared to be more evident than usual to-day. I met half-a-dozen people I knew, and had as many

pieces of news confided to me. I went up and down the length of the High Street. I made a small purchase or two. And then I turned homeward — despising myself, yet finding no alternative within my reach. Would a long country walk have been more virtuous? — it would at least have been more wholesome — but that was all that could be said. My mind did not dwell on Morphew's communication. It seemed without sense or meaning to me; and after the excellent joke about his superior interest in his master to mine in my father, was dismissed lightly enough from my mind. I tried to invent some way of telling this to my father without letting him perceive that Morphew had been finding faults in him, or I listening; for it seemed a pity to lose so good a joke. However, as I returned home, something happened which put the joke entirely out of my head. It is curious when a new subject of trouble or anxiety has been suggested to the mind in an unexpected way, how often a second advertisement follows immediately after the first, and gives to that a potency which in itself it had not possessed.

I was approaching our own door, wondering whether my father had gone, and whether, on my return, I should find him at leisure — for I had several little things to say to him — when I noticed a poor woman lingering about the closed gates. She had a baby sleeping in her arms. It was a spring night, the stars shining in the twilight, and everything soft and dim; and the woman's figure was like a shadow, flitting about, now here, now there, on one side or another of the gate. She stopped when she saw me approaching, and hesitated for a moment, then seemed to take a sudden resolution. I watched her without knowing, with a prevision that she was going to address me, though with no sort of idea as to the subject of her address. She came up to me doubtfully, it seemed, yet certainly, as I felt, and when she was close to me, dropped a sort of hesitating curtsey, and said, "It's Mr. Philip?" in a low voice.

"What do you want with me?" I said.

Then she poured forth suddenly, without warning or preparation, her long speech — a flood of words which must have been all ready and waiting at the doors of her lips for utterance. "Oh, sir, I want to speak to you! I can't believe you'll be so hard, for you're young; and I can't believe he'll be so hard if so be as his own son, as I've always heard he had

but one, 'll speak up for us. Oh, gentleman, it is easy for the likes of you, that, if you aint comfortable in one room, can just walk into another; but if one room is all you have, and every bit of furniture you have taken out of it, and nothing but the four walls left — not so much as the cradle for the child, or a chair for your man to sit down upon when he comes from his work, or a saucepan to cook him his supper —"

"My good woman," I said, "who can have taken all that from you? surely nobody can be so cruel?"

"You say it's cruel!" she cried with a sort of triumph. "Oh, I knowed you would, or any true gentleman that don't hold with screwing poor folks. Just go and say that to him inside there, for the love of God. Tell him to think what he's doing, driving poor creatures to despair. Summer's coming, the Lord be praised, but yet it's bitter cold at night with your counterpane gone; and when you've been working hard all day, and nothing but four bare walls to come home to, and all your poor little sticks of furniture that you've saved up for, and got together one by one, all gone — and you no better than when you started, or rather worse, for then you was young. Oh, sir!" the woman's voice rose into a sort of passionate wail. And then she added, beseechingly, recovering herself — "Oh, speak for us — he'll not refuse his own son —"

"To whom am I to speak? who is it that has done this to you?" I said.

The woman hesitated again, looking keenly in my face — then repeated with a slight faltering, "It's Mr. Philip?" as if that made everything right.

"Yes; I am Philip Canning," I said; "but what have I to do with this? and to whom am I to speak?"

She began to whimper, crying and stopping herself. "Oh, please sir! it's Mr. Canning as owns all the house property about — it's him that our court and the lane and everything belongs to. And he's taken the bed from under us, and the baby's cradle, although it's said in the Bible as you're not to take poor folks's bed."

"My father!" I cried in spite of myself — "then it must be some agent, some one else in his name. You may be sure he knows nothing of it. Of course I shall speak to him at once."

"Oh, God bless you, sir," said the woman. But then she added, in a lower tone: "It's no agent. It's one as never

knows trouble. It's him that lives in that grand house." But this was said under her breath, evidently not for me to hear.

Morphew's words flashed through my mind as she spoke. What was this? Did it afford an explanation of the much occupied hours, the big books, the strange visitors? I took the poor woman's name, and gave her something to procure a few comforts for the night, and went indoors disturbed and troubled. It was impossible to believe that my father himself would have acted thus; but he was not a man to brook interference, and I did not see how to introduce the subject, what to say. I could but hope that, at the moment of broaching it, words would be put into my mouth, which often happens in moments of necessity, one knows not how, even when one's theme is not so all-important as that for which such help had been promised. As usual, I did not see my father till dinner. I have said that our dinners were very good, luxurious in a simple way, everything excellent in its kind, well cooked, well served, the perfection of comfort without show — which is a combination very dear to the English heart. I said nothing till Morphew, with his solemn attention to everything that was going, had retired — and then it was with some strain of courage that I began.

"I was stopped outside the gate to-day by a curious sort of petitioner — a poor woman, who seems to be one of your tenants, sir, but whom your agent must have been rather too hard upon."

"My agent? who is that?" said my father quietly.

"I don't know his name, and I doubt his competence. The poor creature seems to have had everything taken from her — her bed, her child's cradle."

"No doubt she was behind with her rent."

"Very likely, sir. She seemed very poor," said I.

"You take it coolly," said my father, with an upward glance, half amused, not in the least shocked by my statement. "But when a man, or a woman either, takes a house, I suppose you will allow that they ought to pay rent for it."

"Certainly, sir," I replied, "when they have got anything to pay."

"I don't allow the reservation," he said. But he was not angry, which I had feared he would be.

"I think," I continued, "that your agent must be too severe. And this emboldens me to say something which has been in

my mind for some time" — these were the words, no doubt, which I had hoped would be put into my mouth; they were the suggestion of the moment, and yet as I said them it was with the most complete conviction of their truth — "and that is this: I am doing nothing; my time hangs heavy on my hands. Make me your agent. I will see for myself, and save you from such mistakes; and it will be an occupation —"

"Mistakes? What warrant have you for saying these are mistakes?" he said testily; then after a moment: "This is a strange proposal from you, Phil. Do you know what it is you are offering? — to be a collector of rents, going about from door to door, from week to week; to look after wretched little bits of repairs, drains, etc.; to get paid, which, after all, is the chief thing, and not to be taken in by tales of poverty."

"Not to let you be taken in by men without pity," I said.

He gave me a strange glance, which I did not very well understand, and said abruptly, a thing which, so far as I remember, he had never in my life said before, "You've become a little like your mother, Phil —"

"My mother!" The reference was so unusual — nay, so unprecedented — that I was greatly startled. It seemed to me like the sudden introduction of a quite new element in the stagnant atmosphere, as well as a new party to our conversation. My father looked across the table, as if with some astonishment at my tone of surprise.

"Is that so very extraordinary?" he said.

"No; of course it is not extraordinary that I should resemble my mother. Only — I have heard very little of her — almost nothing."

"That is true." He got up and placed himself before the fire, which was very low, as the night was not cold — had not been cold heretofore at least; but it seemed to me now that a little chill came into the dim and faded room. Perhaps it looked more dull from the suggestion of a something brighter, warmer, that might have been. "Talking of mistakes," he said, "perhaps that was one: to sever you entirely from her side of the house. But I did not care for the connection. You will understand how it is that I speak of it now when I tell you —" He stopped here, however, said nothing more for a minute or so, and then rang the bell.

Morphew came, as he always did, very deliberately, so that some time elapsed in silence, during which my surprise grew. When the old man appeared at the door — “Have you put the lights in the drawing-room, as I told you?” my father said.

“Yes, sir; and opened the box, sir; and it’s a — it’s a speaking likeness —”

This the old man got out in a great hurry, as if afraid that his master would stop him. My father did so with a wave of his hand.

“That’s enough. I asked no information. You can go now.”

The door closed upon us, and there was again a pause. My subject had floated away altogether like a mist, though I had been so concerned about it. I tried to resume, but could not. Something seemed to arrest my very breathing: and yet in this dull, respectable house of ours, where everything breathed good character and integrity, it was certain that there could be no shameful mystery to reveal. It was some time before my father spoke, not from any purpose that I could see, but apparently because his mind was busy with probably unaccustomed thoughts.

“You scarcely know the drawing-room, Phil,” he said at last.

“Very little. I have never seen it used. I have a little awe of it, to tell the truth.”

“That should not be. There is no reason for that. But a man by himself, as I have been for the greater part of my life, has no occasion for a drawing-room. I always, as a matter of preference, sat among my books; however, I ought to have thought of the impression on you.”

“Oh, it is not important,” I said; “the awe was childish. I have not thought of it since I came home.”

“It never was anything very splendid at the best,” said he. He lifted the lamp from the table with a sort of abstraction, not remarking even my offer to take it from him, and led the way. He was on the verge of seventy, and looked his age: but it was a vigorous age, with no symptoms of giving way. The circle of light from the lamp lit up his white hair, and keen blue eyes, and clear complexion; his forehead was like old ivory, his cheek warmly colored: an old man, yet a man in full strength. He was taller than I was, and still almost as strong. As he stood for a moment with the lamp in his hand, he looked like a tower in his great height and bulk. I reflected as I looked at him that I knew him intimately, more intimately than any other creature in the

world, — I was familiar with every detail of his outward life; could it be that in reality I did not know him at all?

THE drawing-room was already lighted with a flickering array of candles upon the mantelpiece and along the walls, producing the pretty, starry effect which candles give without very much light. As I had not the smallest idea what I was about to see, for Morphew’s “speaking likeness” was very hurriedly said, and only half comprehensible in the bewilderment of my faculties, my first glance was at this very unusual illumination, for which I could assign no reason. The next showed me a large, full-length portrait, still in the box in which apparently it had travelled, placed upright, supported against a table in the centre of the room. My father walked straight up to it, motioned to me to place a smaller table close to the picture on the left side, and put his lamp upon that. Then he waved his hand towards it, and stood aside that I might see.

It was a full-length portrait of a very young woman — I might say a girl, scarcely twenty — in a white dress, made in a very simple old fashion, though I was too little accustomed to female costume to be able to fix the date. It might have been a hundred years old, or twenty, for aught I knew. The face had an expression of youth, candor, and simplicity more than any face I had ever seen, — or so, at least, in my surprise, I thought. The eyes were a little wistful, with something which was almost anxiety — which at least was not content — in them; a faint, almost imperceptible, curve in the lids. The complexion was of a dazzling fairness, the hair light, but the eyes dark, which gave individuality to the face. It would have been as lovely had the eyes been blue — probably more so — but their darkness gave a touch of character, a slight discord, which made the harmony finer. It was not, perhaps, beautiful in the highest sense of the word. The girl must have been too young, too slight, too little developed for actual beauty; but a face which so invited love and confidence I never saw. One smiled at it with instinctive affection. “What a sweet face!” I said. “What a lovely girl! Who is she? Is this one of the relations you were speaking of on the other side?”

My father made me no reply. He stood aside, looking at it as if he knew it too well to require to look, — as if the picture was already in his eyes. “Yes,”

he said, after an interval, with a long-drawn breath, "she was a lovely girl, as you say."

"Was? — then she is dead. What a pity!" I said; "what a pity! so young and so sweet!"

We stood gazing at her thus, in her beautiful stillness and calm — two men, the younger of us full-grown and conscious of many experiences, the other an old man — before this impersonation of tender youth. At length he said, with a slight tremulousness in his voice, "Does nothing suggest to you who she is, Phil?"

I turned round to look at him with profound astonishment, but he turned away from my look. A sort of quiver passed over his face. "That is your mother," he said, and walked suddenly away, leaving me there.

My mother!

I stood for a moment in a kind of consternation before the white-robed innocent creature, to me no more than a child; then a sudden laugh broke from me, without any will of mine: something ludicrous, as well as something awful, was in it. When the laugh was over, I found myself with tears in my eyes, gazing, holding my breath. The soft features seemed to melt, the lips to move, the anxiety in the eyes to become a personal inquiry. Ah, no! nothing of the kind; only because of the water in mine. My mother! oh, fair and gentle creature, scarcely woman — how could any man's voice call her by that name! I had little idea enough of what it meant, — had heard it laughed at, scoffed at, reverenced, but never had learned to place it even among the ideal powers of life. Yet, if it meant anything at all, what it meant was worth thinking of. What did she ask, looking at me with those eyes? what would she have said if "those lips had language"? If I had known her only as Cowper did — with a child's recollection — there might have been some thread, some faint but comprehensible link, between us; but now all that I felt was the curious incongruity. Poor child! I said to myself; so sweet a creature: poor little tender soul! as if she had been a little sister, a child of mine, — but my mother! I cannot tell how long I stood looking at her, studying the candid, sweet face, which surely had germs in it of everything that was good and beautiful; and sorry, with a profound regret, that she had died and never carried these promises to fulfilment. Poor girl! poor people who had loved her! These were my thoughts: with a curious vertigo and giddiness of my

whole being in the sense of a mysterious relationship, which it was beyond my power to understand.

Presently my father came back; possibly because I had been a long time unconscious of the passage of the minutes, or perhaps because he was himself restless in the strange disturbance of his habitual calm. He came in and put his arm within mine, leaning his weight partially upon me, with an affectionate suggestion which went deeper than words. I pressed his arm to my side: it was more between us two grave Englishmen than any embracing.

"I cannot understand it," I said.

"No. I don't wonder at that; but if it is strange to you, Phil, think how much more strange to me! That is the partner of my life. I have never had another — or thought of another. That — girl. If we are to meet again, as I have always hoped we should meet again, what am I to say to her — I, an old man? Yes; I know what you mean. I am not an old man for my years; but my years are threescore and ten, and the play is nearly played out. How am I to meet that young creature? We used to say to each other that it was forever, that we never could be but one, that it was for life and death. But what — what am I to say to her, Phil, when I meet her again, that — that angel? No, it is not her being an angel that troubles me; but she is so young! She is like my — my granddaughter," he cried, with a burst of what was half sobs, half laughter; "and she is my wife, — and I am an old man — an old man! And so much has happened that she could not understand."

I was too much startled by this strange complaint to know what to say. It was not my own trouble, and I answered it in the conventional way.

"They are not as we are, sir," I said; "they look upon us with larger, other eyes than ours."

"Ah! you don't know what I mean," he said quickly; and in the interval he had subdued his emotion. "At first, after she died, it was my consolation to think that I should meet her again — that we never could be really parted. But, my God, how I have changed since then! I am another man — I am a different being. I was not very young even then — twenty years older than she was: but her youth renewed mine. I was not an unfit partner; she asked no better: and knew as much more than I did in some things — being so much nearer the source — as I

did in others that were of the world. But I have gone a long way since then, Phil — a long way; and there she stands just where I left her."

I pressed his arm again. "Father," I said, which was a title I seldom used, "we are not to suppose that in a higher life the mind stands still." I did not feel myself qualified to discuss such topics, but something one must say.

"Worse, worse!" he replied; "then she too will be like me, a different being, and we shall meet as what? as strangers, as people who have lost sight of each other, with a long past between us — we who parted, my God! with — with —"

His voice broke and ended for a moment; then while, surprised and almost shocked by what he said, I cast about in my mind what to reply, he withdrew his arm suddenly from mine, and said in his usual tone, "Where shall we hang the picture, Phil? It must be here in this room. What do you think will be the best light?"

This sudden alteration took me still more by surprise, and gave me almost an additional shock; but it was evident that I must follow the changes of his mood, or at least the sudden repression of sentiment which he originated. We went into that simpler question with great seriousness, consulting which would be the best light. "You know I can scarcely advise," I said; "I have never been familiar with this room. I should like to put off, if you don't mind, till daylight."

"I think," he said, "that this would be the best place." It was on the other side of the fireplace, on the wall which faced the windows, — not the best light, I knew enough to be aware, for an oil-painting. When I said so, however, he answered me with a little impatience, "It does not matter very much about the best light. There will be nobody to see it but you and me. I have my reasons —" There was a small table standing against the wall at this spot, on which he had his hand as he spoke. Upon it stood a little basket in very fine lace-like wickerwork. His hand must have trembled, for the table shook, and the basket fell, its contents turning out upon the carpet, — little bits of needle-work, colored silks, a small piece of knitting half done. He laughed as they rolled out at his feet, and tried to stoop to collect them, then tottered to a chair, and covered for a moment his face with his hands.

No need to ask what they were. No woman's work had been seen in the house

since I could recollect it. I gathered them up reverently and put them back. I could see, ignorant as I was, that the bit of knitting was something for an infant. What could I do less than put it to my lips? It had been left in the doing — for me.

"Yes, I think this is the best place," my father said a minute after, in his usual tone.

We placed it there that evening with our own hands. The picture was large, and in a heavy frame, but my father would let no one help me but himself. And then, with a superstition for which I never could give any reason even to myself, having removed the packings, we closed and locked the door, leaving the candles about the room, in their soft, strange illumination lighting the first night of her return to her old place.

That night no more was said. My father went to his room early, which was not his habit. He had never, however, accustomed me to sit late with him in the library. I had a little study or smoking-room of my own, in which all my special treasures were, the collections of my travels and my favorite books — and where I always sat after prayers, a ceremonial which was regularly kept up in the house. I retired as usual this night to my room, and as usual read — but to-night somewhat vaguely, often pausing to think. When it was quite late, I went out by the glass door to the lawn, and walked round the house, with the intention of looking in at the drawing-room windows, as I had done when a child. But I had forgotten that these windows were all shuttered at night, and nothing but a faint penetration of the light within through the crevices bore witness to the instalment of the new dweller there.

In the morning my father was entirely himself again. He told me without emotion of the manner in which he had obtained the picture. It had belonged to my mother's family, and had fallen eventually into the hands of a cousin of hers, resident abroad — "A man whom I did not like, and who did not like me," my father said; "there was, or had been, some rivalry, he thought: a mistake, but he was never aware of that. He refused all my requests to have a copy made. You may suppose, Phil, that I wished this very much. Had I succeeded, you would have been acquainted, at least, with your mother's appearance, and need not have sustained this shock. But he would not consent. It gave him, I think, a certain

pleasure to think that he had the only picture. But now he is dead — and out of remorse, or with some other intention, has left it to me."

"That looks like kindness," said I.

"Yes; or something else. He might have thought that by so doing he was establishing a claim upon me," my father said: but he did not seem disposed to add any more. On whose behalf he meant to establish a claim I did not know, nor who the man was who had laid us under so great an obligation on his deathbed. He had established a claim on me at least: though, as he was dead, I could not see on whose behalf it was. And my father said nothing more. He seemed to dislike the subject. When I attempted to return to it, he had recourse to his letters or his newspapers. Evidently he had made up his mind to say no more.

Afterwards I went into the drawing-room to look at the picture once more. It seemed to me that the anxiety in her eyes was not so evident as I had thought it last night. The light possibly was more favorable. She stood just above the place where, I make no doubt, she had sat in life, where her little work-basket was — not very much above it. The picture was full length, and we had hung it low, so that she might have been stepping into the room, and was little above my own level as I stood and looked at her again. Once more I smiled at the strange thought that this young creature, so young, almost childish, could be my mother; and once more my eyes grew wet looking at her. He was a benefactor, indeed, who had given her back to us. I said to myself, that if I could ever do anything for him or his, I would certainly do it, for my — for this lovely young creature's sake.

And with this in my mind, and all the thoughts that came with it, I am obliged to confess that the other matter, which I had been so full of on the previous night, went entirely out of my head.

IT is rarely, however, that such matters are allowed to slip out of one's mind. When I went out in the afternoon for my usual stroll — or rather when I returned from that stroll — I saw once more before me the woman with her baby whose story had filled me with dismay on the previous evening. She was waiting at the gate as before, and — "Oh, gentleman, but haven't you got some news to give me?" she said.

"My good woman — I — have been

greatly occupied. I have had — no time to do anything."

"Ah!" she said, with a little cry of disappointment, "my man said not to make too sure, and that the ways of the gentlefolks is hard to know."

"I cannot explain to you," I said as gently as I could, "what it is that has made me forget you. It was an event that can only do you good in the end. Go home now, and see the man that took your things from you, and tell him to come to me. I promise you it shall all be put right."

The woman looked at me in astonishment, then burst forth, as it seemed, involuntarily, "What! without asking no questions?" After this there came a storm of tears and blessings, from which I made haste to escape, but not without carrying that curious commentary on my rashness away with me, "Without asking no questions?" It might be foolish, perhaps: but after all how slight a matter. To make the poor creature comfortable at the cost of what — a box or two of cigars, perhaps, or some other trifle. And if it should be her own fault, or her husband's — what then? Had I been punished for all my faults, where should I have been now? And if the advantage should be only temporary, what then? To be relieved and comforted even for a day or two, was not that something to count in life? Thus I quenched the fiery dart of criticism which my *protégé* herself had thrown in' o the transaction, not without a certain sense of the humor of it. Its effect, however, was to make me less anxious to see my father, to repeat my proposal to him, and to call his attention to the cruelty performed in his name. This one case I had taken out of the category of wrongs to be righted, by assuming arbitrarily the position of Providence in my own person — for, of course, I had bound myself to pay the poor creature's rent as well as redeem her goods — and, whatever might happen to her in the future, had taken the past into my own hands. The man came presently to see me who, it seems, had acted as my father's agent in the matter. "I don't know, sir, how Mr. Canning will take it," he said. "He don't want none of those irregular, bad-paying ones in his property. He always says as to look over it and let the rent run on is making things worse in the end. His rule is, 'Never more than a month, Stevens:' that's what Mr. Canning says to me, sir. He says, 'More than that they can't pay. It's no use try-

ing.' And it's a good rule; it's a very good rule. He won't hear none of their stories, sir. Bless you, you'd never get a penny of rent from them small houses if you listened to their tales. But if so be as you'll pay Mrs. Jordan's rent, it's none of my business how it's paid, so long as it's paid, and I'll send her back her things. But they'll just have to be took next time," he added composedly. "Over and over: it's always the same story with them sort of poor folks — they're too poor for anything, that's the truth," the man said.

Morphew came back to my room after my visitor was gone. "Mr. Philip," he said, "you'll excuse me, sir, but if you're going to pay all the poor folk's rent as have distresses put in, you may just go into the court at once, for it's without end —"

"I am going to be the agent myself, Morphew, and manage for my father: and we'll soon put a stop to that," I said, more cheerfully than I felt.

"Manage for — master," he said, with a face of consternation. "You, Mr. Philip!"

"You seem to have a great contempt for me, Morphew."

He did not deny the fact. He said with excitement, "Master, sir — master don't let himself be put a stop to by any man. Master's — not one to be managed. Don't you quarrel with master, Mr. Philip, for the love of God." The old man was quite pale.

"Quarrel!" I said. "I have never quarrelled with my father, and I don't mean to begin now."

Morphew dispelled his own excitement by making up the fire, which was dying in the grate. It was a very mild spring evening, and he made up a great blaze which would have suited December. This is one of many ways in which an old servant will relieve his mind. He muttered all the time as he threw on the coals and wood. "He'll not like it — we all know as he'll not like it. Master won't stand no meddling, Mr. Philip," — this last he discharged at me like a flying arrow as he closed the door.

I soon found there was truth in what he said. My father was not angry; he was even half amused. "I don't think that plan of yours will hold water, Phil. I hear you have been paying rents and redeeming furniture — that's an expensive game, and a very profitless one. Of course, so long as you are a benevolent gentleman acting for your own pleasure, it makes no difference to me. I am quite

content if I get my money, even out of your pockets — so long as it amuses you. But as my collector, you know, which you are good enough to propose to be —"

"Of course I should act under your orders," I said; "but at least you might be sure that I would not commit you to any — to any —" I paused for a word.

"Act of oppression," he said with a smile — "piece of cruelty, exaction — there are half-a-dozen words —"

"Sir —" I cried.

"Stop, Phil, and let us understand each other. I hope I have always been a just man. I do my duty on my side, and I expect it from others. It is your benevolence that is cruel. I have calculated anxiously how much credit it is safe to allow; but I will allow no man, or woman either, to go beyond what he or she can make up. My law is fixed. Now you understand. My agents, as you call them, originate nothing — they execute only what I decide —"

"But then no circumstances are taken into account — no bad luck, no evil chances, no loss unexpected."

"There are no evil chances," he said, "there is no bad luck — they reap as they sow. No, I don't go among them to be cheated by their stories, and spend quite unnecessary emotion in sympathizing with them. You will find it much better for you that I don't. I deal with them on a general rule, made, I assure you, not without a great deal of thought."

"And must it always be so?" I said. "Is there no way of ameliorating or bringing in a better state of things?"

"It seems not," he said; "we don't get 'no forrader' in that direction, so far as I can see." And then he turned the conversation to general matters.

I retired to my room greatly discouraged that night. In former ages — or one is led to suppose — and in the lower primitive classes who still linger near the primeval type, action of any kind was, and is, easier than amid the complications of our higher civilization. A bad man is a distinct entity, against whom you know more or less what steps to take. A tyrant, an oppressor, a bad landlord, a man who lets miserable tenements at a rack-rent (to come down to particulars), and exposes his wretched tenants to all those abominations of which we have heard so much — well! he is more or less a satisfactory opponent. There he is, and there is nothing to be said for him — down with him! and let there be an end of his wickedness. But when, on the contrary, you

have before you a good man, a just man, who has considered deeply a question which you allow to be full of difficulty; who regrets, but cannot, being human, avert, the miseries which to some unhappy individuals follow from the very wisdom of his rule, — what can you do — what is to be done? Individual benevolence at haphazard may baulk him here and there, but what have you to put in the place of his well-considered scheme? Charity which makes paupers? or what else? I had not considered the question deeply, but it seemed to me that I now came to a blank wall, which my vague human sentiment of pity and scorn could find no way to breach. There must be wrong somewhere — but where? There must be some change for the better to be made — but how?

I was seated with a book before me on the table, with my head supported on my hands. My eyes were on the printed page, but I was not reading — my mind was full of these thoughts, my heart of great discouragement and despondency, a sense that I could do nothing, yet that there surely must and ought, if I but knew it, be something to do. The fire which Morphew had built up before dinner was dying out, the shaded lamp on my table left all the corners in a mysterious twilight. The house was perfectly still, no one moving: my father in the library, where, after the habit of many solitary years, he liked to be left alone, and I here in my retreat, preparing for the formation of similar habits. I thought all at once of the third member of the party, the new-comer, alone too in the room that had been hers; and there suddenly occurred to me a strong desire to take up my lamp and go to the drawing-room and visit her, to see whether her soft, angelic face would give any inspiration. I restrained, however, this futile impulse — for what could the picture say? — and instead wondered what might have been had she lived, had she been there, warmly enthroned beside the warm domestic centre, the hearth which would have been a common sanctuary, the true home. In that case what might have been? Alas! the question was no more simple to answer than the other: she might have been there alone too, her husband's business, her son's thoughts, as far from her as now, when her silent representative held her old place in the silence and darkness. I had known it so, often enough. Love itself does not always give comprehension and sympathy. It might be that she was

more to us there, in the sweet image of her undeveloped beauty, than she might have been had she lived and grown to maturity and fading, like the rest.

I cannot be certain whether my mind was still lingering on this not very cheerful reflection, or if it had been left behind, when the strange occurrence came of which I have now to tell: can I call it an occurrence? My eyes were on my book, when I thought I heard the sound of a door opening and shutting, but so far away and faint that if real at all it must have been in a far corner of the house. I did not move except to lift my eyes from the book, as one does instinctively the better to listen; when — But I cannot tell, nor have I ever been able to describe exactly what it was. My heart made all at once a sudden leap in my breast. I am aware that this language is figurative, and that the heart cannot leap: but it is a figure so entirely justified by sensation, that no one will have any difficulty in understanding what I mean. My heart leapt up and began beating wildly in my throat, in my ears, as if my whole being had received a sudden and intolerable shock. The sound went through my head like the dizzy sound of some strange mechanism, a thousand wheels and springs, circling, echoing, working in my brain. I felt the blood bound in my veins, my mouth became dry, my eyes hot, a sense of something insupportable took possession of me. I sprang to my feet, and then I sat down again. I cast a quick glance round me beyond the brief circle of the lamplight, but there was nothing there to account in any way for this sudden extraordinary rush of sensation — nor could I feel any meaning in it, any suggestion, any moral impression. I thought I must be going to be ill, and got out my watch and felt my pulse: it was beating furiously, about one hundred and twenty-five throbs in a minute. I knew of no illness that could come on like this without warning, in a moment, and I tried to subdue myself, to say to myself that it was nothing, some flutter of the nerves, some physical disturbance. I laid myself down upon my sofa to try if rest would help me, and kept still — as long as the thumping and throbbing of this wild, excited mechanism within, like a wild beast plunging and struggling, would let me. I am quite aware of the confusion of the metaphor — the reality was just so. It was like a mechanism deranged, going wildly with ever-increasing precipitation, like those horrible wheels that from time to time catch a helpless human being in

them and tear him to pieces: but at the same time it was like a maddened living creature making the wildest efforts to get free.

When I could bear this no longer I got up and walked about my room; then having still a certain command of myself, though I could not master the commotion within me, I deliberately took down an exciting book from the shelf, a book of breathless adventure which had always interested me, and tried with that to break the spell. After a few minutes, however, I flung the book aside; I was gradually losing all power over myself. What I should be moved to do, — to shout aloud, to struggle with I know not what; or if I was going mad altogether, and next moment must be a raving lunatic, — I could not tell. I kept looking round, expecting I don't know what: several times, with the corner of my eye I seemed to see a movement, as if some one was stealing out of sight; but when I looked straight, there was never anything but the plain outlines of the wall and carpet, the chairs standing in good order. At last I snatched up the lamp in my hand and went out of the room. To look at the picture? which had been faintly showing in my imagination from time to time, the eyes, more anxious than ever, looking at me from out the silent air. But no; I passed the door of that room swiftly, moving, it seemed, without any volition of my own, and before I knew where I was going, went into my father's library with my lamp in my hand.

He was still sitting there at his writing-table; he looked up astonished to see me hurrying in with my light. "Phil!" he said, surprised. I remember that I shut the door behind me, and came up to him, and set down the lamp on his table. My sudden appearance alarmed him. "What is the matter?" he cried. "Philip, what have you been doing with yourself?"

I sat down on the nearest chair and gasped, gazing at him. The wild commotion ceased, the blood subsided into its natural channels, my heart resumed its place. I use such words as mortal weakness can to express the sensations I felt. I came to myself thus, gazing at him, confounded, at once by the extraordinary passion which I had gone through, and its sudden cessation. "The matter?" I cried; "I don't know what is the matter."

My father had pushed his spectacles up from his eyes. He appeared to me as faces appear in a fever, all glorified with light which is not in them — his eyes

glowing, his white hair shining like silver; but his look was severe. "You are not a boy, that I should reprove you; but you ought to know better," he said.

Then I explained to him, so far as I was able, what had happened. Had happened? nothing had happened. He did not understand me — nor did I, now that it was over, understand myself; but he saw enough to make him aware that the disturbance in me was serious, and not caused by any folly of my own. He was very kind as soon as he had assured himself of this, and talked, taking pains to bring me back to unexciting subjects. He had a letter in his hand with a very deep border of black when I came in. I observed it, without taking any notice or associating it with anything I knew. He had many correspondents, and although we were excellent friends, we had never been on those confidential terms which warrant one man in asking another from whom a special letter has come. We were not so near to each other as this, though we were father and son. After a while I went back to my own room, and finished the evening in my usual way, without any return of the excitement which, now that it was over, looked to me like some extraordinary dream. What had it meant? had it meant anything? I said to myself that it must be purely physical, something gone temporarily amiss, which had righted itself. It was physical; the excitement did not affect my mind. I was independent of it all the time, a spectator of my own agitation — a clear proof that, whatever it was, it had affected my bodily organization alone.

Next day I returned to the problem which I had not been able to solve. I found out my petitioner in the back street, and that she was happy in the recovery of her possessions, which to my eyes indeed did not seem very worthy either of lamentation or delight. Nor was her house the tidy house which injured virtue should have when restored to its humble rights. She was not injured virtue, it was clear. She made me a great many curtsseys, and poured forth a number of blessings. Her "man" came in while I was there, and hoped in a gruff voice that God would reward me, and that the old gentleman'd let 'em alone. I did not like the looks of the man. It seemed to me that in the dark lane behind the house of a winter's night he would not be a pleasant person to find in one's way. Nor was this all: when I went out into the little street which it appeared was all, or almost all,

my father's property, a number of groups formed in my way, and at least half-a-dozen applicants sidled up. "I've more claims nor Mary Jordan any day," said one; "I've lived on Squire Canning's property, one place and another, this twenty year." "And what do you say to me?" said another; "I've six children to her two, bless you, sir, and ne'er a father to do for them." I believed in my father's rule before I got out of the street, and approved his wisdom in keeping himself free from personal contact with his tenants. Yet when I looked back upon the swarming thoroughfare, the mean little houses, the women at their doors all so open-mouthed, and eager to contend for my favor, my heart sank within me at the thought that out of their misery some portion of our wealth came—I don't care how small a portion; that I, young and strong, should be kept idle and in luxury, in some part through the money screwed out of their necessities, obtained sometimes by the sacrifice of everything they prized! Of course I know all the ordinary commonplaces of life as well as any one—that if you build a house with your hands or your money, and let it, the rent of it is your just due, and must be paid. But yet—

"Don't you think, sir," I said that evening at dinner, the subject being reintroduced by my father himself, "that we have some duty towards them when we draw so much from them?"

"Certainly," he said; "I take as much trouble about their drains as I do about my own."

"That is always something, I suppose."

"Something! it is a great deal—it is more than they get anywhere else. I keep them clean, as far as that's possible. I give them at least the means of keeping clean, and thus check disease, and prolong life—which is more, I assure you, than they've any right to expect."

I was not prepared with arguments as I ought to have been. That is all in the gospel according to Adam Smith, which my father had been brought up in, but of which the tenets had begun to be less binding in my day. I wanted something more, or else something less; but my views were not so clear, nor my system so logical and well-built, as that upon which my father rested his conscience, and drew his percentage with a light heart.

Yet I thought there were signs in him of some perturbation. I met him one morning coming out of the room in which the portrait hung, as if he had gone to

look at it stealthily. He was shaking his head, and saying, "No, no," to himself, not perceiving me, and I stepped aside when I saw him so absorbed. For myself, I entered that room but little. I went outside, as I had so often done when I was a child, and looked through the windows into the still and now sacred place, which had always impressed me with a certain awe. Looked at so, the slight figure in its white dress seemed to be stepping down into the room from some slight visionary altitude, looking with that which had seemed to me at first anxiety, which I sometimes represented to myself now as a wistful curiosity, as if she were looking for the life which might have been hers. Where was the existence that had belonged to her, the sweet household place, the infant she had left? She would no more recognize the man who thus came to look at her as through a veil with a mystic reverence, than I could recognize her. I could never be her child to her, any more than she could be a mother to me.

THUS time passed on for several quiet days. There was nothing to make us give any special heed to the passage of time, life being very uneventful and its habits unvaried. My mind was very much preoccupied by my father's tenants. He had a great deal of property in the town which was so near us,—streets of small houses, the best-paying property (I was assured) of any. I was very anxious to come to some settled conclusion: on the one hand, not to let myself be carried away by sentiment; on the other, not to allow my strongly roused feelings to fall into the blank of routine, as his had done. I was seated one evening in my own sitting-room busy with this matter,—busy with calculations as to cost and profit, with an anxious desire to convince him, either that his profits were greater than justice allowed, or that they carried with them a more urgent duty than he had conceived.

It was night, but not late, not more than ten o'clock, the household still astir. Everything was quiet—not the solemnity of midnight silence, in which there is always something of mystery, but the soft-breathing quiet of the evening, full of the faint, habitual sounds of a human dwelling, a consciousness of life about. And I was very busy with my figures, interested, feeling no room in my mind for any other thought. The singular experience which had startled me so much had

passed over very quickly, and there had been no return. I had ceased to think of it: indeed I had never thought of it save for the moment, setting it down after it was over to a physical cause without much difficulty. At this time I was far too busy to have thoughts to spare for anything, or room for imagination; and when suddenly in a moment, without any warning, the first symptom returned, I started with it into determined resistance, resolute not to be fooled by any mock influence which could resolve itself into the action of nerves or ganglions. The first symptom, as before, was that my heart sprang up with a bound, as if a cannon had been fired at my ear. My whole being responded with a start. The pen fell out of my fingers, the figures went out of my head as if all faculty had departed; and yet I was conscious for a time at least, of keeping my self-control. I was like the rider of a frightened horse, rendered almost wild by something which in the mystery of its voiceless being it has seen, something on the road which it will not pass, but wildly plunging, resisting every persuasion, turns from, with ever increasing passion. The rider himself after a time becomes infected with this inexplicable desperation of terror, and I suppose I must have done so; but for a time I kept the upper hand. I would not allow myself to spring up as I wished, as my impulse was, but sat there doggedly, clinging to my books, to my table, fixing myself on I did not mind what, to resist the flood of sensation, of emotion, which was sweeping through me, carrying me away. I tried to continue my calculations. I tried to stir myself up with recollections of the miserable sights I had seen, the poverty, the helplessness. I tried to work myself into indignation; but all through these efforts I felt the contagion growing upon me, my mind falling into sympathy with all those straining faculties of the body, startled, excited, driven wild by something I knew not what. It was not fear. I was like a ship at sea straining and plunging against wind and tide, but I was not afraid. I am obliged to use these metaphors, otherwise I could give no explanation of my condition, seized upon against my will, and torn from all those moorings of reason to which I clung with desperation — as long as I had the strength.

When I got up from my chair at last, the battle was lost, so far as my powers of self-control were concerned. I got up, or rather was dragged up, from my seat,

clutching at these material things round me as with a last effort to hold my own. But that was no longer possible; I was overcome. I stood for a moment looking round me feebly, feeling myself begin to babble with stammering lips, which was the alternative of shrieking, and which I seemed to choose as a lesser evil. What I said was, "What am I to do?" and after a while, "What do you want me to do?" although throughout I saw no one, heard no voice, and had in reality not power enough in my dizzy and confused brain to know what I myself meant. I stood thus for a moment looking blankly round me for guidance, repeating the question, which seemed after a time to become almost mechanical. What do you want me to do? though I neither knew to whom I addressed it nor why I said it. Presently — whether in answer, whether in mere yielding of nature, I cannot tell — I became aware of a difference: not a lessening of the agitation, but a softening, as if, my powers of resistance being exhausted, a gentler force, a more benignant influence, had room. I felt myself consent to whatever it was. My heart melted in the midst of the tumult; I seemed to give myself up, and move as if drawn by some one whose arm was in mine, as if softly swept along, not forcibly, but with an utter consent of all my faculties to do I knew not what, for love of I knew not whom. For love — that was how it seemed — not by force, as when I went before. But my steps took the same course: I went through the dim passages in an exaltation indescribable, and opened the door of my father's room.

He was seated there at his table as usual, the light of the lamp falling on his white hair: he looked up with some surprise at the sound of the opening door. "Phil," he said, and with a look of wondering apprehension on his face watched my approach. I went straight up to him, and put my hand on his shoulder. "Phil, what is the matter? What do you want with me? What is it?" he said.

"Father, I can't tell you. I come not of myself. There must be something in it, though I don't know what it is. This is the second time I have been brought to you here."

"Are you going —" he stopped himself. The exclamation had been begun with an angry intention. He stopped, looking at me with a scared look, as if perhaps it might be true.

"Do you mean mad? I don't think so. I have no delusions that I know of. Fa-

ther, think—do you know any reason why I am brought here? for some cause there must be."

I stood with my hand upon the back of his chair. His table was covered with papers, among which were several letters with the broad black border which I had before observed. I noticed this now in my excitement, without any distinct association of thoughts, for that I was not capable of; but the black border caught my eye. And I was conscious that he, too, gave a hurried glance at them, and with one hand swept them away.

"Philip," he said, pushing back his chair, "you must be ill, my poor boy. Evidently we have not been treating you rightly: you have been more ill all through than I supposed. Let me persuade you to go to bed."

"I am perfectly well," I said. "Father, don't let us deceive one another. I am neither a man to go mad nor to see ghosts. What it is that has got the command over me I can't tell: but there is some cause for it. You are doing something or planning something with which I have a right to interfere."

He turned round squarely in his chair with a spark in his blue eyes. He was not a man to be meddled with. "I have yet to learn what can give my son a right to interfere. I am in possession of all my faculties, I hope."

"Father," I cried, "won't you listen to me? no one can say I have been undutiful or disrespectful. I am a man, with a right to speak my mind, and I have done so; but this is different. I am not here by my own will. Something that is stronger than I has brought me. There is something in your mind which disturbs—others. I don't know what I am saying. This is not what I meant to say: but you know the meaning better than I. Some one—who can speak to you only by me—speaks to you by me; and I know that you understand."

He gazed up at me, growing pale, and his under lip fell. I, for my part, felt that my message was delivered. My heart sank into a stillness so sudden that it made me faint. The light swam in my eyes: everything went round with me. I kept upright only by my hold upon the chair; and in the sense of utter weakness that followed, I dropped on my knees, I think, first, then on the nearest seat that presented itself, and covering my face with my hands, had hard ado not to sob, in the sudden removal of that strange influence, the relaxation of the strain.

There was silence between us for some time; then he said, but with a voice slightly broken, "I don't understand you, Phil. You must have taken some fancy into your mind which my slower intelligence— Speak out what you want to say. What do you find fault with? Is it all—all that woman Jordan?"

He gave a short, forced laugh as he broke off, and shook me almost roughly by the shoulder, saying, "Speak out! what—what do you want to say?"

"It seems, sir, that I have said everything." My voice trembled more than his, but not in the same way. "I have told you that I did not come by my own will—quite otherwise. I resisted as long as I could: now all is said. It is for you to judge whether it was worth the trouble or not."

He got up from his seat in a hurried way. "You would have me as—mad as yourself," he said, then sat down again as quickly. "Come, Phil: if it will please you, not to make a breach, the first breach, between us, you shall have your way. I consent to your looking into that matter about the poor tenants. Your mind shall not be upset about that, even though I don't enter into all your views."

"Thank you," I said; "but, father, that is not what it is."

"Then it is a piece of folly," he said angrily. "I suppose you mean—but this is a matter in which I choose to judge for myself."

"You know what I mean," I said, as quietly as I could, "though I don't myself know; that proves there is good reason for it. Will you do one thing for me before I leave you? Come with me into the drawing-room—"

"What end," he said, with again the tremble in his voice, "is to be served by that?"

"I don't very well know; but to look at her, you and I together, will always do something for us, sir. As for breach, there can be no breach when we stand there."

He got up, trembling like an old man, which he was, but which he never looked like save at moments of emotion like this, and told me to take the light; then stopped when he had got half-way across the room. "This is a piece of theatrical sentimentality," he said. "No, Phil, I will not go. I will not bring her into any such—Put down the lamp, and if you will take my advice, go to bed."

"At least," I said, "I will trouble you no more, father, to-night. So long as you

understand, there need be no more to say."

He gave me a very curt good-night, and turned back to his papers—the letters with the black edge, either by my imagination or in reality, always keeping uppermost. I went to my own room for my lamp, and then alone proceeded to the silent shrine in which the portrait hung. I at least would look at her to-night. I don't know whether I asked myself, in so many words, if it were she who—or if it was any one—I knew nothing; but my heart was drawn with a softness—born, perhaps, of the great weakness in which I was left after that visitation—to her, to look at her, to see perhaps if there was any sympathy, any approval in her face. I set down my lamp on the table where her little work-basket still was: the light threw a gleam upward upon her,—she seemed more than ever to be stepping into the room, coming down towards me, coming back to her life. Ah no! her life was lost and vanished: all mine stood between her and the days she knew. She looked at me with eyes that did not change. The anxiety I had seen at first seemed now a wistful, subdued question; but that difference was not in her look but in mine.

I NEED not linger on the intervening time. The doctor who attended us usually, came in next day "by accident," and we had a long conversation. On the following day a very impressive yet genial gentleman from town lunched with us—a friend of my father's, Dr. Something; but the introduction was hurried, and I did not catch his name. He, too, had a long talk with me afterwards—my father being called away to speak to some one on business. Dr. —— drew me out on the subject of the dwellings of the poor. He said he heard I took great interest in this question, which had come so much to the front at the present moment. He was interested in it too, and wanted to know the view I took. I explained at considerable length that my view did not concern the general subject, on which I had scarcely thought, so much as the individual mode of management of my father's estate. He was a most patient and intelligent listener, agreeing with me on some points, differing in others; and his visit was very pleasant. I had no idea until after of its special object: though a certain puzzled look and slight shake of the head when my father returned, might have thrown

some light upon it. The report of the medical experts in my case must, however, have been quite satisfactory, for I heard nothing more of them. It was, I think, a fortnight later when the next and last of these strange experiences came.

This time it was morning, about noon,—a wet and rather dismal spring day. The half-spread leaves seemed to tap at the window, with an appeal to be taken in; the primroses, that showed golden upon the grass at the roots of the trees, just beyond the smooth-shorn grass of the lawn, were all drooped and sodden among their sheltering leaves. The very growth seemed dreary—the sense of spring in the air making the feeling of winter a grievance, instead of the natural effect which it had conveyed a few months before. I had been writing letters, and was cheerful enough, going back among the associates of my old life, with, perhaps, a little longing for its freedom and independence, but at the same time a not ungrateful consciousness that for the moment my present tranquillity might be best.

This was my condition—a not unpleasant one—when suddenly the now well-known symptoms of the visitation to which I had become subject suddenly seized upon me,—the leap of the heart; the sudden, causeless, overwhelming physical excitement, which I could neither ignore nor allay. I was terrified beyond description, beyond reason, when I became conscious that this was about to begin over again: what purpose did it answer, what good was in it? My father indeed understood the meaning of it, though I did not understand: but it was little agreeable to be thus made a helpless instrument without any will of mine, in an operation of which I knew nothing; and to enact the part of the oracle unwillingly, with suffering and such a strain as it took me days to get over. I resisted, not as before, but yet desperately, trying with better knowledge to keep down the growing passion. I hurried to my room and swallowed a dose of a sedative which had been given me to procure sleep on my first return from India. I saw Morpheus in the hall, and called him to talk to him, and cheat myself, if possible, by that means. Morpheus lingered, however, and before he came, I was beyond conversation. I heard him speak, his voice coming vaguely through the turmoil which was already in my ears, but what he said I have never known. I stood staring, trying to recover my power of attention, with an aspect which ended by completely frightening the

man. He cried out at last that he was sure I was ill, that he must bring me something; which words penetrated more or less into my maddened brain. It became impressed upon me that he was going to get some one — one of my father's doctors, perhaps — to prevent me from acting, to stop my interference, — and that if I waited a moment longer I might be too late. A vague idea seized me at the same time, of taking refuge with the portrait — going to its feet, throwing myself there, perhaps, till the paroxysm should be over. But it was not there that my footsteps were directed. I can remember making an effort to open the door of the drawing-room, and feeling myself swept past it, as if by a gale of wind. It was not there that I had to go. I knew very well where I had to go, — once more on my confused and voiceless mission to my father, who understood, although I could not understand.

Yet as it was dayight, and all was clear, I could not help noting one or two circumstances on my way. I saw some one sitting in the hall as if waiting — a woman, a girl, a black-shrouded figure, with a thick veil over her face: and asked myself who she was, and what she wanted there. This question, which had nothing to do with my present condition, somehow got into my mind, and was tossed up and down upon the tumultuous tide like a stray log on the breast of a fiercely rolling stream, now submerged, now coming up-  
permost, at the mercy of the waters. It did not stop me for a moment, as I hurried towards my father's room, but it got upon the current of my mind. I flung open my father's door, and closed it again after me, without seeing who was there or how he was engaged. The full clearness of the daylight did not identify him as the lamp did at night. He looked up at the sound of the door, with a glance of apprehension; and rising suddenly, interrupting some one who was standing speaking to him with much earnestness and even vehemence, came forward to meet me. "I cannot be disturbed at present," he said quickly; "I am busy." Then seeing the look in my face, which by this time he knew, he too changed color. "Phil," he said, in a low, imperative voice, "wretched boy, go away — go away; don't let a stranger see you —"

"I can't go away," I said. "It is impossible. You know why I have come. I cannot, if I would. It is more powerful than I —"

"Go, sir," he said; "go at once — no

more of this folly. I will not have you in this room. Go — go!"

I made no answer. I don't know that I could have done so. There had never been any struggle between us before; but I had no power to do one thing or another. The tumult within me was in full career. I heard indeed what he said, and was able to reply; but his words, too, were like straws tossed upon the tremendous stream. I saw now with my feverish eyes who the other person present was. It was a woman, dressed also in mourning similar to the one in the hall; but this a middle-aged woman, like a respectable servant. She had been crying, and in the pause caused by this encounter between my father and myself, dried her eyes with a handkerchief, which she rolled like a ball in her hand, evidently in strong emotion. She turned and looked at me as my father spoke to me, for a moment with a gleam of hope, then falling back into her former attitude.

My father returned to his seat. He was much agitated too, though doing all that was possible to conceal it. My inopportune arrival was evidently a great and unlooked-for vexation to him. He gave me the only look of passionate displeasure I have ever had from him, as he sat down again: but he said nothing more.

"You must understand," he said, addressing the woman, "that I have said my last words on this subject. I don't choose to enter into it again in the presence of my son, who is not well enough to be made a party to any discussion. I am sorry that you should have had so much trouble in vain; but you were warned beforehand, and you have only yourself to blame. I acknowledge no claim, and nothing you can say will change my resolution. I must beg you to go away. All this is very painful, and quite useless. I acknowledge no claim."

"Oh, sir," she cried, her eyes beginning once more to flow, her speech interrupted by little sobs, "maybe I did wrong to speak of a claim. I'm not educated to argue with a gentleman. Maybe we have no claim. But if it's not by right, oh, Mr. Canning, won't you let your heart be touched by pity? She don't know what I'm saying, poor dear. She's not one to beg and pray for herself, as I'm doing for her. Oh, sir, she's so young! She's so lone in this world — not a friend to stand by her, nor a house to take her in! You are the nearest to her of any one that's left in this world. She hasn't a relation,

not one so near as you — Oh!" she cried, with a sudden thought, turning quickly round upon me, "this gentleman's your son! Now I think of it, it's not your relation she is, but his, through his mother. That's nearer, nearer! Oh, sir! you're young; your heart should be more tender. Here is my young lady that has no one in the world to look to her. Your own flesh and blood; your mother's cousin — your mother's —"

My father called to her to stop, with a voice of thunder. "Philip, leave us at once. It is not a matter to be discussed with you."

And then in a moment it became clear to me what it was. It had been with difficulty that I had kept myself still. My breast was laboring with the fever of an impulse poured into me, more than I could contain. And now for the first time I knew why. I hurried towards him, and took his hand, though he resisted, into mine. Mine were burning, but his like ice: their touch burnt me with its chill, like fire. "This is what it is?" I cried. "I had no knowledge before. I don't know now what is being asked of you. But, father — understand! You know, and I know now, that some one sends me — some one — who has a right to interfere."

He pushed me away with all his might. "You are mad," he cried. "What right have you to think — Oh, you are mad — mad! I have seen it coming on —"

The woman, the petitioner, had grown silent, watching this brief conflict with the terror and interest with which women watch a struggle between men. She started and fell back when she heard what he said, but did not take her eyes off me, following every movement I made. When I turned to go away, a cry of indescribable disappointment and remonstrance burst from her, and even my father raised himself up and stared at my withdrawal, astonished to find that he had overcome me so soon and easily. I paused for a moment, and looked back on them, seeing them large and vague through the mist of fever. "I am not going away," I said. "I am going for another messenger — one you can't gainsay."

My father rose. He called out to me threateningly, "I will have nothing touched that is hers. Nothing that is hers shall be profaned —"

I waited to hear no more: I knew what I had to do. By what means it was conveyed to me I cannot tell; but the cer-

tainty of an influence which no one thought of calmed me in the midst of my fever. I went out into the hall, where I had seen the young stranger waiting. I went up to her and touched her on the shoulder. She rose at once, with a little movement of alarm, yet with docile and instant obedience, as if she had expected the summons. I made her take off her veil and her bonnet, scarcely looking at her, scarcely seeing her, knowing how it was: I took her soft, small, cool, yet trembling hand into mine; it was so soft and cool, not cold, it refreshed me with its tremulous touch. All through I moved and spoke like a man in a dream, swiftly, noiselessly, all the complications of waking life removed, without embarrassment, without reflection, without the loss of a moment. My father was still standing up, leaning a little forward as he had done when I withdrew, threatening, yet terror-stricken, not knowing what I might be about to do, when I returned with my companion. That was the one thing he had not thought of. He was entirely undefended, unprepared. He gave her one look, flung up his arms above his head, and uttered a distracted cry, so wild that it seemed the last outcry of nature — "Agnes!" then fell back like a sudden ruin, upon himself, into his chair.

I had no leisure to think how he was, or whether he could hear what I said. I had my message to deliver. "Father," I said, laboring with my panting breath, "it is for this that heaven has opened, and one whom I never saw, one whom I know not, has taken possession of me. Had we been less earthly we should have seen her — herself, and not merely her image. I have not even known what she meant. I have been as a fool without understanding. This is the third time I have come to you with her message, without knowing what to say. But now I have found it out. This is her message. I have found it out at last."

There was an awful pause — a pause in which no one moved or breathed. Then there came a broken voice out of my father's chair. He had not understood, though I think he heard what I said. He put out two feeble hands. "Phil — I think I am dying — has she — has she come for me?" he said.

We had to carry him to his bed. What struggles he had gone through before I cannot tell. He had stood fast, and had refused to be moved, and now he fell — like an old tower, like an old tree. The necessity there was for thinking of him

saved me from the physical consequences which had prostrated me on a former occasion. I had no leisure now for any consciousness of how matters went with myself.

His delusion was not wonderful, but most natural. She was clothed in black from head to foot, instead of the white dress of the portrait. She had no knowledge of the conflict, of nothing but that she was called for, that her fate might depend on the next few minutes. In her eyes there was a pathetic question, a line of anxiety in the lids, an innocent appeal in the looks. And the face the same: the same lips, sensitive, ready to quiver; the same innocent, candid brow; the look of a common race, which is more subtle than mere resemblance. How I knew that it was so, I cannot tell, nor any man. It was the other—the elder—ah no! not elder; the ever young, the Agnes to whom age can never come—she who they say was the mother of a man who never saw her—it was she who led her kinswoman, her representative, into our hearts.

My father recovered after a few days: he had taken cold, it was said, the day before—and naturally, at seventy, a small matter is enough to upset the balance even of a strong man. He got quite well; but he was willing enough afterwards to leave the management of that ticklish kind of property which involves human well-being in my hands, who could move about more freely, and see with my own eyes how things were going on. He liked home better, and had more pleasure in his personal existence in the end of his life. Agnes is now my wife, as he had, of course, foreseen. It was not merely the disinclination to receive her father's daughter, or to take upon him a new responsibility, that had moved him, to do him justice. But both these motives had told strongly. I have never been told, and now will never be told, what his griefs against my mother's family, and specially against that cousin, had been; but that he had been very determined, deeply prejudiced, there can be no doubt. It turned out after, that the first occasion on which I had been mysteriously commissioned to him with a message which I did not understand, and which for that time he did not understand, was the evening of the day on which he had received the dead man's letter, appealing to him—to him, a man whom he had wronged—on behalf of the child who was about to be left friendless

in the world. The second time, further letters, from the nurse who was the only guardian of the orphan, and the chaplain of the place where her father had died, taking it for granted that my father's house was her natural refuge, had been received. The third I have already described, and its results.

For a long time after, my mind was never without a lurking fear that the influence which had once taken possession of me might return again. Why should I have feared to be influenced—to be the messenger of a blessed creature, whose wishes could be nothing but heavenly? Who can say? Flesh and blood are not made for such encounters: they were more than I could bear. But nothing of the kind has ever occurred again.

Agnes had her peaceful domestic throne established under the picture. My father wished it to be so, and spent his evenings there in the warmth and light, instead of in the old library, in the narrow circle cleared by one lamp out of the darkness, as long as he lived. It is supposed by strangers that the picture on the wall is that of my wife; and I have always been glad that it should be so supposed. She who was my mother, who came back to me and became as my soul for three strange moments and no more, but with whom I can feel no credible relationship as she stands there, has retired for me into the tender regions of the unseen. She has passed once more into the secret company of those shadows, who can only become real in an atmosphere fitted to modify and harmonize all differences, and make all wonders possible—the light of the perfect day.

From The Contemporary Review.  
THE COLONIAL MOVEMENT IN GERMANY.

THE attention of the English public has been drawn during the last few months to a movement that has arisen in Germany for the purpose of acquiring colonial possessions in countries over the sea. This movement is older than these few months, but it would not, perhaps, for a long time even yet have excited any interest among politicians outside Germany, if it had not been shown in the present year that the German government, and especially the chancellor of the empire, was disposed to support the movement with the power of the State. It is quite intelligible that the English public should follow this move-

ment with careful attention, and even with a certain feeling of disquiet, so long as it was still uncertain what importance it might assume for international commerce. It is therefore the more desirable to obtain as quickly as possible a clear understanding of the whole bearing of the question. For more than two centuries the German race in Europe has taken the chief part in trans-oceanic colonization and culture. Holland and England have founded the most flourishing and enduring colonies of modern times, and England in particular has, through the advantage of her maritime situation, the development of her fleet, and the mastery she has by long experience acquired in the art of colonizing, risen gradually to the position of undisputed leader in this field. England stands at the head of a movement which has sprung in the first instance no doubt from the enterprise of individuals or of nations, but which is at the same time the outcome and expression of the collective development of Europe. When we speak of colonizing, we always mean the extension of European culture, whether it be done by this or by that member of the family of European peoples, and just as we cannot recognize an equal right on the part of Chinese or negroes to found colonies, so we cannot think of an English, Dutch, or French colony as being completely severed from all participation on the part of other European nations. Whatever may happen in this field will always be, within certain limits, of an international character and importance. For nowadays colonies are no longer founded by the migration of peoples, but by the emigration of individuals.

Hence it is that, though Germany never till a few weeks ago had a single square mile of colonial possession, her share in colonization has yet been long a very important one. Her political impotence did not permit her to do what other nations did every year — viz., acquire new territory for the surplus of her population. But meanwhile such a surplus had already existed for long, and had to seek outlets for itself without government direction. The number and capacity of the German population always permitted a great crowd of Germans to join as private persons in the colonizing movements which were conducted by other countries on State means. Since the Dutch, English, and French settled in North America, Germans have continually shared in the work by which the great colonies of our time have been established there. The United

States alone contain to-day more than eleven million Germans, and in the veins of native-born Americans there flows a considerable admixture of German blood. Germans have gone in thousands to other foreign colonies, and contributed to their growth. But no attempt has been made by them in the last hundred years to found an independent colony of their own.

Of course, hardly any European colony of importance has been founded for a long time now by any country except England, and, if we leave Algeria out of sight, it would appear as if the German and Latin peoples of the Continent had in this century lost all expansive power. This fact is due to no hindrance by main force on the part of England, whose long habituation to an exclusive supremacy at sea has certainly produced a certain sensitiveness in the Englishman towards other nations — a sensitiveness which, as it seems to me, flows less from apprehension of future dangers than from satisfaction with the existing situation and the desire to preserve it undisturbed. Nevertheless, it was impossible for England to have caused the standstill of colonization among Continental nations, because England, after her great colonial acquisitions at the beginning of this century, was hardly in a position to do justice to new colonies, and could feel no need for new enterprises of that sort, which would have led to entanglements in Europe. England acquired vast territories in Asia, Australia, Africa, and America without drawing the sword; year after year new ground was always falling subject to the Colonial Office, and she would have been possessed with the spirit of an irrational child if she had sought to employ her already sufficiently taxed powers to prevent a colonization on the part of other nations which involved no danger to herself. England had then as little thought as she has to-day of monopolizing trans-oceanic colonization, nor in truth could she have such a thought.

The explanation of the pause in colonization by the Continental powers is to be discovered in two other facts. First, in the great absorbing power of the United States, which had no difficulty in receiving almost all the Continental emigration, and, besides, offered better prospects to the emigrant than a new and still unopened territory elsewhere could possibly do. Secondly, in the unsettled and fermenting condition of the chief Continental States at home, which gave themselves up mainly to agitations on theoretical or practical questions of home politics, of constitu-

tions, and the like, and were therefore not favorably disposed either to an expenditure of State resources in trans-oceanic enterprises, or to a great increase of the industry of the country. Now, both these conditions are prerequisites of colonization: you must have a surplus of men in order to found agricultural colonies, and you must have a surplus of industrial products in order to found commercial colonies. And besides, an assured and firmly established political condition at home is necessary for a people who would permanently and independently employ such a surplus of men and products in trans-oceanic colonies.

But while Continental nations have been mainly occupied since the end of the Napoleonic wars in devising or carrying out new arrangements of political life, and while the political world has had its attention engrossed with the situation at home, and never considered how the number of emigrants, especially from Germany, increased year by year, there was all the time in process of development the most powerful incentive that has ever produced a colonizing movement. Since the third decade of our century, the network of railways and telegraphs has continually extended more and more widely over Europe, and one line of steamships after another has connected the shores of Europe with those of other parts of the earth. One consequence of this has been a rapid extension of the market for produce, and a second consequence a great increase of production. People were to all appearance fighting in Europe for nothing but popular rights and political theories, and yet there was growing up all the time a new world of practical forces whose importance was soon to eclipse the world of principles and doctrines. Besides England, Continental countries like France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany, pushed into these markets of the world; and if the war of 1870 was kindled by the brand of national ambition, there mingled with the consciousness that the very existence of Germany as a nation was in question, the further consciousness that the fusion and union of the economic forces of the country for the struggle in the great markets of the world were also in question. The issue of the war gave to Germany for the first time the possibility of organizing and uniting these economic forces by political means. From that time forward Germany has been able to enter the markets of the world with the same weapons as other nations.

Italy and Germany were the only great powers of the Continent to which other parts of the world remained hitherto shut for purposes of political colonization. All other great powers, and even smaller powers like Holland, Portugal, and Denmark, had their colonies beyond the sea; others, like Austria and Russia, had fields for colonization on the Continent itself. Germany and Italy alone were confined to boundaries centuries old. And yet the natural need for expansion was far greater with Germany than with most of the other European nations. While the increase of population in France was continually declining, it was regularly rising in Germany. Emigration reached the figure of two hundred thousand souls a year, and for some years now was exceeded by the emigration of Great Britain alone. Railway extension, carefully promoted by the imperial government, had since 1870 given an incentive to production in all departments. In those fifteen years the industrial development of Germany has gone forward with rapid strides, and has been able to meet the requirements imposed on a civilized people by a commerce transformed by mechanical inventions. But Germany has been overtaken by the same difficulties which threaten the other civilized nations of Europe: over-production has for years made itself much felt there in the most various departments; an over-production not merely in industrial products, but also in men of superior education, who are therefore unable to find vent for their faculties at home. To the previous redundancy of hands, of simple power of labor, there is now added a redundancy of heads and of wares. Consequently, the need of colonies, both for agriculture and for trade and industry, has become ever stronger. And while this need has been growing, one of the old outlets for German produce and German labor — viz., Russia — has been ever more and more firmly shut against Germany.

Formerly the surplus labor of Germany had two great markets, North America and Russia. There used for centuries to flow to the eastern Slavonic countries a great number of manufacturers, professional men, artisans, merchants, day laborers, and a great quantity of German commodities. But Russia began twenty years ago to put in force a so-called national doctrine, which proposed to exclude foreign — *i.e.*, in this particular case, especially German — commodities and men as much as possible from the Russian markets. A high protective duty has more

and more effectually excluded German commodities, and national jealousy has as effectually debarred German citizens from the natural outlets of central Europe. It would need a new war to break down this barrier, and that is not the policy of the German Empire. While, therefore, the need of a new outlet grew rapidly stronger, the old outlet was as rapidly narrowed by the protectionism of Russia. If Germany was not to resort to force, she was compelled to give her whole strength to seeking by peaceful means openings elsewhere which might offer a compensation for those she had lost in eastern Europe.

Then, to aggravate the situation still more, there came the Socialist agitation, which spread rapidly ten years ago, and led four years later to the attempt on the life of the emperor. The government turned itself against this movement with its whole energy, stopped its spread as far as possible, and undertook with the greatest zeal to introduce legislative reforms for the purpose of mitigating, if not removing, prevailing evils in the condition of the lower classes with all the resources at the disposal of the State. A loud, hot fight sprang up in all circles in the country over this social reform. The government hoped by an energetic reconstruction of the inner conditions of production and industry to find correctives for the growing distress, and the increasing numbers of those who suffered from low wages or absolute want of work. Many believed that by such ameliorations at home, sufficient outlet would be created for the annual surplus of men and commodities. The agitation for these reforms has brought about many and great ameliorations, and it still continues to bear fruit in the ingenious proposals of which the chancellor of the empire is the author. But the conviction has already for a long time pressed itself on individuals, that no enduring protection from the dangerous pressure of over-production is to be looked for in this way. They see that the extent and character of the German soil would not be sufficient, even with the most scientific cultivation, to furnish the annual increase of population with such an income as is required in a civilized nation in our era. For some years the annual increase of population has been something like half a million, and now it is six hundred thousand. Voices have accordingly been raised from time to time, demanding for Germany colonies of her own, and at the same time a regulation of emigration. They point out that, with all the liberality

of many foreign colonial governments and all the favor shown by the United States, the German emigrant and the German merchant can yet never count on the security and the advantages which the Englishman, the Dutchman, or the Portuguese enjoys. Consular protection can never be equal to the protection of one's own government; the customs and all other conditions of trade will be regulated according to the practice and profit of England, America, and Portugal, but never according to that of a foreign State like Germany. Both as agriculturist and as trader the German is continually compelled to associate with, and subordinate himself to, peoples foreign to him in language, law, and custom, which is in the first place a loss to himself materially, and in the next is hardly consistent with the dignity of a State like Germany. People began to see, what everybody in England long knew, that the trade of a mother country with her own colonies was far more advantageous than trade with the colonies of other nations. They remembered that in many countries it was German travellers and scholars who had done most to investigate, open up, and make known those countries for the European market, and that the reward of this work had never fallen in any adequate measure to Germany. They bethought them that the German foot had landed on many points of the world beyond the sea, and had just as good a right to political protection from its native country as the English, Dutch, or any other. And finally, they said that Germany was in a position to apply as great, or even greater, power to the protection of German interests beyond the sea than Holland or Portugal could employ for theirs.

These considerations led, two years ago, to the formation of a Union for the purpose of preparing the way for the acquisition by Germany of colonies of her own, of regulating emigration, and of instituting a propaganda in Germany for both these objects. And how urgent the need for both actually is has been shown by the rapidly growing interest in the efforts of the Union in the course of the last two years. Under the lead of Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg it has extended itself over all Germany, and, with the assistance of many earlier societies established for similar purposes, it has brought large sections of the people to take a concern in aims that were hitherto quite foreign to the German public.

The government long held itself aloof,

nay, averse, from the new movement. It entertained a strong traditional prejudice against emigration, and also against all policy of colonization, a prejudice caused by the extensive emigration that was taking place, and strengthened by the Conservative character of the Prussian bureaucracy and the bureaucratic distrust of all popular agitations. In these circles, too, a belief still prevailed in the omnipotence of the State, which was supposed to be quite competent to provide sufficient work for a population of any extent. This bureaucratic self-satisfaction borrowed support from the Liberal teaching which had not yet emancipated itself from a belief in the infallibility of the doctrine of free trade and *laissez faire*. Free Trade Liberalism had, indeed, only two years before, under the lead of the deputy Bamberger, energetically opposed the attempt of the imperial chancellor to engage the empire in the acquisition of the Samoa Islands, and it contended still that German subjects were able to pursue their callings with quite sufficient success in the colonies of foreign powers, and that for Germany to acquire colonies of her own would only be to impose a useless, nay, an injurious burden upon the State. Liberalism accordingly took up an attitude of antagonism to the efforts of the Colonial Union. But on the other hand, its efforts found powerful friends in a band of commercial houses which had been established, for longer or shorter periods, in countries beyond the sea, and which knew by their own experience the importance of this colonial question for Germany. Among these, one in particular was the firm of Lüderitz, who had settled in west Africa. The proprietor of Angra Pequena entered last year into an alliance with the imperial chancellor for the national recognition of his acquisitions, and thereby gave occasion for the practical intervention of the chancellor in this field.

Prince Bismarck had long appeared to take no interest in the colonial movement, waiting to see whether there was anything more in it than a mere passing excitement. The failure of his proposals to support a German firm in the Samoa Islands, five years before, justified the chancellor in maintaining an attitude of cautious reserve as long as public opinion furnished no probable ground for thinking that, if the government renewed its action in behalf of German commerce in distant parts, it would not be again left in the lurch by the Reichstag. But the chan-

cellor was bound to take up a different position towards colonies already acquired, from what he had taken up towards the demand for acquiring colonies. The call for political protection to trans-oceanic property regularly acquired could hardly be refused to German subjects by the chancellor of the German Empire, so far as the power of the State permitted. Accordingly, the transactions about Angra Pequena were carried out and concluded, in so far as they openly expressed the will of Germany to take the colonial acquisitions of German subjects under the protection of the empire. When once this decision of the government was taken in the case of Lüderitz, it naturally opened the way for a series of analogous cases. Other commercial houses asked for the same protection in the Cameroons and other parts of Africa. This forced the chancellor to send a man-of-war, and, soon afterwards, a special squadron, for the purpose of accurately investigating the legal claims of these commercial houses on the spot, before the empire would assume the responsibilities involved in the grant of its protection. The officers and ships entrusted with this duty are now again under way, having hoisted the German flag at several parts of west Africa, after examination of the legal rights of the case.

The chancellor soon found an opportunity of explaining in what sense alone he had sent out this expedition, in connection with another question on which he spoke before the Reichstag. The need of cherishing German trans-oceanic commerce, and giving it greater security and convenience, had led to the plan of subsidizing one or more steamship lines, in the same way as has long been done in England, France, and elsewhere. The chancellor accordingly laid a proposal last winter before the Reichstag, in which he asked four million marks for this purpose. But the Liberal parties, again under the lead of Herr Bamberger, stood up against this proposal on exactly the same grounds as had formerly led them to oppose the Samoa scheme, and they declared that any such subsidy was not only useless but injurious. In spite of the impressive speech of the chancellor, the matter was referred to a committee, with very unfavorable prospects. In this committee the chancellor took occasion to explain his position towards the colonial question. He said it was far from the thoughts of the government to acquire colonies by means of the power of the State, but it was the duty of the empire

to protect her subjects in their possessions, and whenever and wherever a German subject acquired in a regular way a landed freehold that stood under the dominion of no other civilized State, and invoked the protection of the empire, he might be assured that such protection would not be withheld. Here was the intention of the government openly declared, and declared in favor of the aims approved by the popular movement so far as they were advanced by the acquisition of commercial colonies or commercial stations. In the mean time the proposal for the steamship subsidy will again come up before the newly elected Reichstag.

Nothing is further from the ideas of the founders of the Colonial Union, as well as from the movement produced by them, than the ambition of making trans-oceanic conquests. Neither the political position of Germany nor its fleet is adapted for this task. What is aimed at is simply an open path in the peaceful competition with other European nations for the extension of European civilization in other parts of the world—a competition which might at the same time offer us the advantage of a new outlet for our production and population—a competition, indeed, whose political conditions and consequences will doubtless be accommodated to the justice and moderation shown by other powers in respect to our justifiable wishes. And this is a demand which every State in Europe must recognize as warrantable, and most of all England, which marches at the head of those nations who have inscribed peaceful and open competition on their flag. It is a demand whose justice no German government can mistake, and whose loyalty towards the claims of other powers Prince Bismarck has repeatedly demonstrated in the great care and respect he has exhibited for the rights of friendly governments. It is also a demand on whose fulfilment the prosperity and peace of Germany depends, although people in Germany are not sanguine enough to expect from the acquisition of a few colonies the complete amelioration of social grievances or golden mountains of material wealth. For, compared with the great achievements England and France have made in the field of colonization, the desires of Germany can only appear very modest. We know very well that there is no new America or India to be discovered, and that no territory stands any longer open to us that can be compared with the plains of North America. We

know also that no trans-oceanic country will for a long time be able to offer to the German emigrant the advantages he finds in the United States. No German colony will ever have the attractive power of North America. But there is a remnant of emigration fields where European races have not yet established a preponderance, and commercial fields which promise rich work for European civilization for generations yet. If we Germans, owing to our Continental situation, have but little prospect of becoming a predominantly seafaring nation, yet that very Continental situation compels us to assert in season, and with all our might, our national right to trans-oceanic possession and acquisition. The colonial acquisitions which England has for decades been making every year, and whose present extent far exceeds the bounds of what even England's colonizing power can use for generations, do not deter us, but rather confirm us in the opinion that we have actually nothing to fear from the jealousy of certain ill-advised English politicians. Of this the latest utterances of the English prime minister, Mr. Gladstone, give us the most complete assurance.

At a time when a new continent of the extent of Africa has been opened up, and when this has been largely the fruit of long and laborious toil on the part of German pioneers and men of science, it would be self-renunciation for an active, hard-working nation like the Germans to fold their hands on their breast and look idly on, while all the civilized nations of Europe were securing to themselves shares in the work to which by interest and honor they are called. Germany has sufficiently proved since her reconstruction that she respects foreign rights and seeks nothing but peaceful competition; but she has also shown that she is not disposed to suffer any violation by others of her own equal right to the same advantages. It is therefore a just cause of surprise that a part—only a small part, I am sure—of the English press should have countenanced the idea that this colonial movement in Germany contains the germ of antagonism against any State or people in the world, except the savage tribes and rude States of the south. These too anxious politicians are particularly zealous in assuming an antagonism against England. I should like much to satisfy them on this head, especially as the danger so often arises only out of the anxiety. Since what time has any civilized European tribe set up a doctrine of monopoly in colonization? Or

what nation would not injure itself if it sought to exclude every other from the promotion of civilization? Can we even rationally speak of antagonism in fields that are not yet opened up, that are, so to say, not yet existing for us, and which can only promise to be of any use and importance even for England when English or German or other European labor has opened them up for European needs and commodities? Can we speak of rivalry in countries like Africa, America, or Australia and the islands of the South Sea, when the whole resources of Europe will not for any visible time be equal to develop them to the extent of which they are capable? Only unreason can propagate such ill-grounded opinions without reflecting how even the flattest absurdities can stir up, though it may be for a short time only, popular excitements which might cause serious disturbances to the political and economic relations of whole States. It is desirable that such disturbances of public opinion should be opposed in time both in England and in Germany. All the more so because this subject is now before the most competent tribunal possible. For one of the chief aims of the Conference summoned at the instance of Germany for the settlement of the Congo question is the timely prevention of any possible rivalries in the field of colonization by fixing on all sides the interests and rights of each power. The colonization question is not in principle of a national, but of an international character, so far as it deals with presuppositions of international law. And it would give high satisfaction to the representatives of the colonial movement in Germany, if the friendly powers succeeded in finding fixed rules for the now very important colonial work of nations. What we in Germany wish is security for our private business operations in uncivilized lands, a security which neither our government, so far as it is able, nor any foreign power, can deny to us on principle. We therefore expect from the Congo Conference now sitting, a practical settlement of the questions of the occupation, protectorate, and annexation of uncivilized lands and of the rights to great rivers.

The principle on which that Conference has been based is that of complete equality of right among the leading nations of Europe and America with respect to those countries and peoples that have not yet come under European civilization. The Conference has shown itself disposed to recognize the task proposed by the King

of the Belgians' Association, which consists in this—to organize the basin of the Congo politically, and to open it to European civilization. Every people in Europe will share in the advantages of the new African State in the measure in which its special capacities and culture fit it to do so. Germans, French, English, Portuguese will acquire in the new Congo State the importance which they can win by their trade, their labor and capital; their colonization and cultivation of the land itself. The river Congo throughout its whole basin will, as a matter of international law, bear no specifically national character, but will be English, German, or French, just as far as private labor will make it so. We expect to see this principle applied to the remaining tasks of the Conference also. What has been done for the Congo cannot be refused to the Niger; and the same principle of the coming interest of European civilization must serve to furnish the basis for settling the other questions which concern the political relations of European governments with uncivilized countries.

The German has hitherto been willingly received as a fellow-laborer in all English colonies, and we have rejoiced at the frequent recognition in the English press of the capacity and industry of German colonists. Relationship in language, character, force, and endurance renders a union of Englishmen and Germans in some sense easier than a union of either with Latin or Slavonic races. It would therefore be all the more foolish to encourage groundless and aimless jealousies between the two German races in a field where the labor of the one can only support that of the other. The noble and useful task of civilizing savage countries and peoples cannot possibly be the occasion of jealousy, but only of competition. And as England has never thought of excluding German laborers or merchants from her ports, mines, or coffee plantations in Asia or Africa, so now she will not try to hinder Germany from acquiring colonies of her own. Besides, it seems to me that the expectations entertained outside of Germany of immediate practical results from the present movement are often extravagant. We in Germany have as yet neither the means nor the intention of undertaking a great colonial crusade. Our aims are more modest. But we do desire, not only in a private but also in a political form, justice and protection in foreign lands for whatever we may acquire by our own labor, capital, or intelligence. This

desire is too just to awaken anxiety in any country of Europe.

BARON VON DER BRUGGEN.

From The Lancet.  
COCA AND COCAINE.

THE alkaloid cocaine was produced by Niemann in 1860 from the leaves of the *Erythroxylon coca*. Professor Schroff was probably the first to mention the fact of its anæsthetizing effect on the mucous membrane of the tongue. The credit of rescuing cocaine from the oblivion into which it had fallen, and of giving it a practical application, unquestionably belongs to Koller. The next occasion of its public appearance was at the Ophthalmological Society, where Messrs. Benson, Marcus Gunn, and Nettleship spoke of its use in ophthalmic surgery. Since that time cocaine has by a bound leaped into professional favor. The great excellences of cocaine consist in the limitation of its action to the tissues to which it is applied. No doubt other symptoms at a distance do result from the external application of the anæsthetic, but they are for the most part insignificant and by no means dangerous. In some measure cocaine may be compared with curare. The one agent paralyzes the termination of the sensory nerves, whilst the other paralyzes the termination of the motor nerves. Aconite would seem to act in a manner the very reverse of cocaine. The contemplation of a few facts of this kind leads one to think of the *ultima thule* of anæsthetics as likely to be not one of the least splendid triumphs of science. No doubt much remains to be worked at before the full value is given to this latest addition to our armamentaria, and before a full explanation of the mode of action of the drug in the one particular respect for which it is in so great demand can be given. Coca leaves are the produce of *Erythroxylon coca*, Lamarck, a shrub cultivated on the slopes of the Cordilleras of Bolivia, Peru, and Columbia. The Spanish conquerors of western South America became well acquainted with the use of coca by the aboriginal Indians. Nicolas Monardes, a Spanish physician, published at Seville, in 1565, a history of medicinal simples brought from the New World, in which he gives a description, obtained from the commentaries of Pedro Ciega and others, of coca leaves, their mode of collection and drying, and states they were their

most important article of commerce, being used for barter or exchange in place of money among the South American Indians. He also describes their use of coca as being threefold. (1) It was chewed and mixed with the powder of calcined shells of oysters and other shellfish; this paste after being allowed to ferment was formed into boluses or troches, and dried; during long journeys these boluses were sucked, and under their influence hunger and thirst were alleviated and bodily strength was sustained. (2) When eaten for producing pleasure or intoxication the coca was chewed by itself; and (3) it was mixed with tobacco and smoked. Among others the following travellers have written on coca: Pöppig, Weddell, and Markham; of pharmacologists, Quincy, Pereira, and Hanbury do not mention it, nor has it been official till the last French Codex and United States Pharmacopœia. As a theme for the poet, Milton, who drew many of his similes from tropical plants and scenery, appears not to have known of it, as he does not mention it. Cowley, later, thus writes: —

Our Varicocha first his Coca sent,  
Endow'd with leaves of wondrous nourishment,  
Whose juice suck'd in, and to the stomach  
ta'en,

Long hunger and long labor can sustain;  
From which our faint and weary bodies find  
More succor, more they cheer the drooping  
mind,

Than can your Bacchus and your Ceres join'd.  
Three leaves supply for six days' march afford;  
The Quitoita with this provision stor'd,  
Can pass the vast and cloudy Andes o'er.

The coca shrub grows to a height of from four to eight feet, and resembles our blackthorn in appearance. It has small, white, short-stalked, drooping flowers, in clusters upon the branches in places where the leaves have fallen. The leaves are closely placed, alternate, about two inches long, oval oblong, entire at the margin; sometimes they are acute but usually blunt and emarginate, with a small apiculus in the notch at the apex, rather thin but opaque, smooth with a prominent midrib, and on each side a curved line running from the base to the apex, showing its mode of vernation. When fresh the upper surface is bright, dark-green in color, the lower is paler and strongly marked with veins. The carefully dried leaves have the odor of tea, but if dried less perfectly they have a bouquet of their own which is very unpleasant in the breath of those who chew it. They have a somewhat aromatic and

bitter taste, and are more active when freshly dried. By permission we have tasted a fresh leaf in the Botanic Gardens, and the benumbing effect on the tongue — dulling its sensibility — was apparently much greater than that of a number of dried leaves. The plants are raised from seeds, and the cultivation, at an elevation of from two to seven thousand feet above the sea level, is carried on with great care, as described by Dr. Weddell, who supposes the name *coca* to be derived from an Indian term signifying the tree or plant. Its original habitat is doubtful. It has been acclimatized in Ceylon. Botanical specimens were first sent by Joseph de Jussieu to his brother in 1750; these Antoine-Laurent de Jussieu referred to the genus *Erythroxylon*, and finally they served as types for Lamarck to give the plant his designation *Erythroxylon coca* in his *Encyclopédie*. The coca shrub yields three or four crops of leaves annually, from the age of eighteen months to forty years. The produce has been estimated at from thirty to forty million pounds yearly. Its value on the spot varies from amounts equal to from one to five shillings per pound English. The most productive plantations, or *cocals*, are in the province of La Paz, in Bolivia, but our principal imports come from Lima. Coca was used in the religious rites of the Incas; it was by them treated with great reverence, and by their conquerors with some superstition. A council of bishops at Lima in 1569 condemned its use, and stated that the belief entertained by the Indians that the habit of chewing coca gave them strength was an illusion of the devil. By the Indians working as miners or at other occupations, coca is still chewed with a paste made of the ashes of certain plants or with lime. They become more or less slaves to the habit; opinions differ as to the ill effects of this chewing on them. On Europeans who became accustomed to, but had not been addicted to, its use from youth, Dr. Weddell noticed that it did sometimes produce evil consequences, and that in some a peculiar aberration of the intellectual faculties occurred, indicated by hallucinations. His view of its action was that it deceived or lulled hunger and fatigue. The Indians who accompanied him on his journey chewed coca during the whole day, but at night they filled their stomachs like fasting men. Dr. Mantegezza, of Milan, who practised in South America, further tried and wrote on its marvellous properties, as did Sir Robert Christison. Mr. G. Dowdeswell

also tried it, but came to negative conclusions as to its action. Except by the force of advertisements of French specialties made from it, coca has of late received little attention in England; but now, again, the observations of Herr Koller on the local anaesthetic action possessed by its alkaloid, cocaine, have brought it to the front.

From Sunday at Home.

#### THE JEWS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

We paid our first visit to the central Asian Jews, in Tashkend. At the synagogue in the Russian quarter, I presented my letter as an introduction, and asked whether they had any ancient manuscripts; but so far were they from having antiques that everything appeared almost new. I had rarely before entered a synagogue so clean and gay. The walls had been newly whitewashed and ornamented with native painting, and though there was no service going on, there were several men and boys reading. They manifested the utmost interest in my letter, but had nothing of ecclesiastical interest to show, whereupon I discovered that we had been brought to the new synagogue of the European Jews, most of whom had come to Turkistan as soldiers, and on their discharge had preferred to settle in Tashkend rather than go back to Russia. We drove therefore to Asiatic Tashkend to seek the meeting-place of the Asiatic Jews; and after going as far as the *isvostchik*, or cabman, could take us by reason of the narrowness and miserable paving of the streets, we took to our feet, and passing through narrow lanes and alleys came into a small yard. On one side was a miserable shed with a lean-to roof of poles wretchedly covered, whilst under and all around sat a crowd of people. It is customary on Friday evening for the Jews to assemble in the synagogue, which in the service is compared to a bridegroom, to welcome the coming in of the Sabbath, beautifully figured as a bride, and on Saturday evening they gather to bid the Sabbath farewell. Whether on the present occasion it was this Sabbath evening service or something of a less formal character, I am not sure; but so surprised did they appear at our sudden visit, and above all, so curious to get a peep at my letter, that, the service being speedily concluded, all crowded around. I was taken, with my interpreter, to an

adjacent spot, where within still narrower limits under a straw roof, a number of grave and reverend elders were assembled, sitting on the ground and praying or reading, and intoning. This struck me as a remarkable sight, by reason of the magnificent countenances of some of the old men. With their huge turbans of spotless white, and Oriental flowing robes, they reminded me of the typical Israelites. The Jews of central Asia, like the Sarts, shave their heads, except that they leave a lock falling in a curl from each temple. This patch of hair is left uncut in obedience to the Levitical injunction, "Neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard," which by transference from the beard to the hair is fairly intelligible, though it is not so patent how they evade the other command, "They shall not make baldness upon their head," for this appears to be the very thing they do. They received my visit with evident pleasure; and both showed me their copy of the law, ornamented with silver and precious stones, and permitted me to look into the cupboard containing their books. Their having no synagogue, together with the poverty and ill-furnished condition of their place of prayer, was explained to a large extent by the fact that almost all the Jews in Tashkend are sojourners only, as also by the oppressions to which they were subject under the khans of Khokand before the Russian occupation. An intelligent Jew came to our house to buy copies of the Old Testament. I took the opportunity to ask him concerning the Jews in central Asia, who, he said, were descended from Judah and Benjamin, the two tribes dispersed over Europe and Asia, whereas the ten tribes he thought were dwelling "beyond China." In Khokand he said there were from two to three hundred Israelites born on the spot, and from three to four hundred sojourners, mostly merchants, dyers, manufacturers, and drug-gists. I expressed surprise that they had no regular synagogue, but he explained that until the advent of the Russians, the Jews had been few in number, that they had no right to buy land, and were forbidden by the khans to build a synagogue, that they were in fact under similar restrictions to those from which their brethren in Bokhara still suffered. They could not enter the city mounted, were forbidden to wear a turban, and allowed only a black calico cap for the head, and a piece of string for a girdle; and though they were compelled to pay double taxes, as compared with the natives, yet if a Jew were

insulted, or even beaten by a Mohammedan, he could claim no redress. On reaching Samarkand, the ancient capital of Tamerlane, which until a few years ago was in the possession of the emir of Bokhara, we found the Jews in large numbers and in a more flourishing condition. Nor had we been many hours there before we made the acquaintance of one of them. He was on the official staff of interpreters, and General Korolkoff, the acting governor of the province, would have sent him with us for our guide about the town, only that we had arrived during the Feast of Tabernacles, when work might not be done. The Jew therefore explained that he could not drive with us even to Tamerlane's tomb, which was not far distant from the palace where we were staying, though his conscience was sufficiently elastic to allow of his walking there. We accordingly set out, and he told us on the way how much more strict in keeping their law are the Asiatic than the European Jews. He left us on our return from the famous tomb, and then went off to make arrangements with a fellow Israelite, one Raphael Moses Kalendaroff, at whose house we might see how they kept the Feast of Tabernacles. On the afternoon of the same day we found in the court or garden of Moses a cotton tent erected, out of which nothing might be eaten for seven days. Here I presented the lord mayor's letter, and the introduction of a Moscow rabbi, received at once a welcome, and was invited to eat. The ancient law directed (Lev. xxiii. 39-44; Neh. viii. 14-16) that the people should dwell in huts, which is interpreted to mean still that the roof, if not the sides, should be of branches, but these would not be easily obtained in sufficient quantity in Samarkand, and I am under the impression that there not even the roof was so formed. My host, however, had remembered the injunction of the law in providing at least "the fruit of goodly trees," if not "olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and willows of the brook." Perhaps these latter were represented by the leafy decorations over our heads in the form of a large framework, something like a chandelier, from which were hanging apples, quinces, and saffron flowers, whilst on the carpeted floor were spread parched peas, pistachio nuts, grapes, peaches, and apples, as well as mutton and carrot pies, and roasted apricot and plum kernels. Many came in, and kneeling down, sat upon their haunches, but not cross-legged, round the

four walls of the tent. Two days later we called on the rabbi, who was still keeping the feast in his tabernacle, where he received us. I was glad to make inquiries of him respecting his people. He said there were twenty-five hundred Israelites dwelling in four hundred houses in Samarkand. A piece of traditional information he gave me was that Samarkand had been destroyed seven times, and that therein had perished twenty-four thousand Kohanim Jews, these having a separate cemetery from the Israelites. Tamerlane was said to have brought from Meshed seven families of Jews, whose descendants were still living at Bokhara and Samarkand. But these stories were very much of the nature of "idle tales," for the rabbi said that the Jews had not been in Samarkand

more than a century, and he added that they were from the tribes of Reuben, Gad, and the half tribe of Manasseh. With reference to the so-called "lost tribes," he related a well-known Jewish tradition that on the river Sambation (which he located in China, though some others affirm that it is in Africa) are people whom the Chinese call "sons of Abraham," and that Mussulmans profess to the Jews in Samarkand to have seen their brethren in China; though the Samarkand Jews have not so done, and for this wonderful reason, that the aforesaid river Sambation is hot on six days, and cold only on the seventh. On this latter day it would be unlawful for the Jews to cross, but the Mohammedans, not being similarly bound, embrace the opportunity to do so.

**WOOL IN NEW SOUTH WALES.**—The north-west of the colony offers special advantages for sheep-rearing, although water is not so plentiful as it might be. But that difficulty is being gradually overcome, partly by excavating tanks for holding rain water, and partly by borings on the artesian-well principle. Those runs which have no river or creek frontage, or the back blocks as they are termed, become after a drought little better than deserts. But since the construction of tanks has been systematically undertaken a great improvement has been shown, and this, coupled with the benefit derived from boring operations, is expected ultimately to change the opinion hitherto entertained regarding the condition of these north-west pastoral lands. Water is now led to the tanks by means of drains, which extend in some cases for several miles. Sheep-stations can in ordinary seasons be worked very cheaply after the capital outlay necessary to provide fences, and station buildings and yards has been made. It is the practice now to surround the run with wire fencing, and subdivide it into paddocks, where the sheep roam at will, and are said to produce an annual increase equal to seventy-nine per cent. of the breeding ewes, and the lambs thrive rapidly. It is only when the work of drafting, branding, or shearing has to be done that the flock are disturbed by the station hands. The shearing season falls at the latter end of the year, and the payment to the shearer is per score of sheep shorn, good shearers being able to earn high wages; but the labor employed is comparatively small, one gang of shearers travelling from station to station, and doing the work at each. Indeed, this labor question is a standard complaint

against pastoral tenants, as it is said they hold possession of a large tract of country, and employ but little labor. There is no doubt that proportionately fewer hands are employed now than was formerly the case, owing to improved methods of working and management having come into vogue. After having been shorn, the wool is sorted, the sorter being a rather important personage, who is well paid. There are various qualities, and each must be kept to itself in order to sell to the best advantage. It is becoming the custom now in some localities to wash the wool, although experts differ as to whether it is desirable to do so or otherwise. Some contend that it is injured, and that certain valuable properties are destroyed in the process; but it would appear to be nearly the general opinion that such disadvantages are more than counterbalanced by the removal of dirt, and by the better price which clean wool fetches at the sales. Very expensive and elaborate machinery is in use at some stations for scouring the wool, more particularly in localities where there is not a plentiful supply of water. But where there is a frontage to a river, and water is practically unlimited, older and more simple methods are usual. The process of cleaning is in the first place to soak well the wool in large vats with hot water and soap until the impurities are loosened or removed, and then to put it into perforated zinc boxes sunk in the water. Here it is again well soaked and stirred by men with poles, and finally it is taken to the drying-ground, where it dries a clean white color. Still, it is to be remarked that the bulk of the wool reaching this country from Australia comes in its greasy state.

British Australasian.